

and scalped. Not very far from this place is the laurel thicket where Colonel Washington was killed in 1861.

The horse was found to be wounded in the thigh. The ball was extracted, and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home the day he was wounded that horse carried two persons a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion Mr Warwick went to Randolph County. It was night when he returned. His horse shied at something in the road, which he at once recognized as the fresh husks of roasting ears. The presence of Indians was at once suspected, and upon approaching the house cautiously it was found that the row of cabins were burned and the premises ransacked. In their glee, the Indians had caught the chickens, picked all their feathers off and let them go. The place had been left in the care of a colored man named Sam and Greenbrier Ben, aged ten or twelve years. Sam made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch so near the cabin that when it was burned he could hardly keep still, his buckskin breeches were so hot. From his retreat Ben saw the Indians pick the chickens, leaving their tails and top-knots, and laugh at their grotesque appearance. He saw them run the wagon into the fire, after the cabin near the spring had become a smouldering heap of coals. This wagon was the first that ever crossed the Alleghanies. It was brought from Mountain Grove, up Little Back Creek, about three miles above where the Huntersville road first crosses the stream going east; then across Knapps Spur, along by Harper's

Mill; then straight across to Thorny Creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place on Thorny Creek; thence up the ridge to the top, and then along down to the Knapp place on the Greenbrier River; thence to Clover Lick.

The most memorable event of his life, however, was his being in the expedition to Point Pleasant, under General Andrew Lewis. The march from Lewisburg to Point Pleasant—one hundred and sixty miles—took nineteen days. It is most probable that he was in the company commanded by Captain Mathews. This conflict with the Indians was the most decisive that had yet occurred. It was fought on Monday morning, October 10, 1774.

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does not accord full justice to the memory of a very deserving person. It is conceded by all, so far as there is any record, that up to the time when there occurred a lull in the battle the advantage was with the Indians. The question arises, why should a warrior as skillful as Cornstalk call a halt in the full tide of success, and suddenly cease firing and pressing upon a receding foe, with victory just in his grasp?

Had it not been for this, no troops could have been safely detached for a flank movement. Flank movements are only a good policy for those who are pressing the enemy, and not for the retreating party. When Cornstalk ceased to press, the victory was decided in favor of the Virginians, and lost to him. Had the battle been lost to our people and the army sacrificed, unspeakable disasters would have befallen all settle-

ments west of the Blue Ridge mountains; the Revolution would have been deferred for all time, possibly, and the whole history of America far different from what has been.

How is that lull in the battle to be accounted for, which resulted in victory to the Virginians? Dr Foote says, in his account, which is one of the most minute and extended of all in reach of the writer, that "towards evening, Lewis seeing no signs of retreat or cessation of battle, dispatched Captains Shelby, Hathews, and Stewart, at their request, to attack the enemy in their rear. Going up the Kanawha, under the cover of the banks of Crooked Creek, they got to the rear of the Indians unobserved, and made a rapid attack. Alarmed by this unlooked for assault, and thinking the reinforcements of Colonel Christian were approaching, before whose arrival they had striven hard to end the battle, the savages became dispirited, gave way, and by sunset had recrossed the Ohio. Colonel Christian entered the camp about midnight, and found all in readiness for a renewed attack." (Second Series p165)

Colonel Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Joseph Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath County, states on their authority "that about two o'Clock in the afternoon Colonel Christian arrived on the field with about five hundred men, the battle was still raging. The reinforcements decided the issue almost immediately. The Indians fell back about two miles, but such was their persevering spirit, though fairly beaten, the contest was not closed until the setting of the sun, when they relinquished the field."

There were persons recently living in Bath, and the writer conversed with one, (September, 1873), almost in speaking distance of the residence where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who are certain that Mr Mayse gave the credit of that cessation in battle and falling back two miles on the part of the Indians, to Jacob Warwick and the persons with him. According to Judge Warwick's statement,—and the writer's impression is that Mr Mayse's statement was emphatically confirmed by Major Charles Cameron, a lieutenant in the battle,—Mr Mayse often repeated the fact that Jacob Warwick, an obscure private in the ranks, was detailed with a number of others, perhaps fifty or sixty in all, to bring in a supply of meat, that rations might be supplied for a forced march to the Indian towns, as Governor Dunmore had so treacherously given orders. These persons crossed the Kanawha about daybreak, and while at work in the hunting grounds and slaughter pens, they heard the firing beyond the limits of the camp, and so far up the Ohio they supposed it to be a salute to Governor Dunmore, who was expected at any time by the soldiers generally. But the firing continuing too long for this, it was surmised the troops were putting their arms in order for the contemplated march over the Ohio. Finally they suspected it was a battle. Mr Warwick was one of the first to ascertain this to be so, and immediately rallied the butchers and hunters, in order to return to camp and join the battle. This was noticed by the enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased in the reach of victory, and took measures to with-

draw from the field, unobserved by our exhausted troops. For nearly two hours they had been falling back, and when the flank movement was made to communicate with the hunters, supposed to be Colonel Christian's advance to join them. What fighting occurred afterwards was with the rear guard of Cornstalk's retreating army of demoralized braves.

If all this be true, and considering the sources of information, the writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God, upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to light the leadings of God's hand in human affairs.

This is not written in a complaining spirit, yet one feels like saying, if this be true, what a comment it furnishes on the justice meted out by the historic muse. The reputed hero of Point Pleasant appears in bronze, an honored member of the group wherein stand Henry, Jefferson, and Marshall, while the humble man whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day sleeps in his obscure grave on the west bank of Jacksons River, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place.

Major Warwick's sons and daughters were all born at Dunmore, Pocahontas County. The eldest daughter, Rachel, remembered when the settlers would fly to the fort near her home, when she was a little girl. The fort was near the spot now occupied by Colonel Pritchard's mill.

She became the wife of Major Charles Cameron, a descendant of the Camerons so noted in the history of the Scottish Covenanters. He was in the battle of Point Pleasant, and was there called upon to mourn the death of his three brothers slain in that conflict. In person he was of medium stature, tidy in his dress, wore short clothes, very dignified in his manners, and was never known to smile after the heart-rending scenes he witnessed at Point Pleasant. He was an officer in the Revolution, and served as clerk of both courts of Bath County many years. He reared the late Charles L. Francisco, so long clerk of Bath, as his successor.

Mrs Cameron drew a pension of nine hundred dollars for several years before her death in 1858.

Major Cameron's residence was on Jacksons River, at the crossing of the Huntersville and Warm Springs pike. The two story spring house yet remains in a good state of preservation, the upper part of which he used for his office, where he long and faithfully kept the legal records intrusted to his care, almost one hundred years ago.

One son, Colonel Andrew W. Cameron, survived him. He became a very wealthy and popular citizen. He represented Bath in the Virginia Legislature. He removed afterwards to Rockbridge County and resided on an immense estate near Lexington, so as to secure educational and social advantages for his large family of sons and daughters. He met his death in a sad way in the town of Lexington, where he had gone anxious to hear something of his sons John and Charles

in the army.

One of the passengers in the mail coach was a soldier with a musket. In the act of leaving the coach this weapon was discharged, the contents inflicting a wound from which he expired almost instantly.

Dr John H. Cameron, a popular physician of Deerfield, Va., is his eldest son. Mrs Thomas White, Mrs D. White, and Mrs Judge Leigh, of Lexington, Va., and the late Mrs A. W. Harmon are his daughters.

Mrs Jane Warwick Gatewood and Her Descendants.

She was Major Warwick's second daughter, and became the second wife of William Gatewood, of Essex County, a near relative of President Tyler. Their home was at Mountain Grove, Bath County. Their sons were Warwick and Samuel Vance, and their daughters were Mary Jane and Frances.

Warwick Gatewood married Miss Margaret Beale, of Botetourt County, Va., a relative of President Madison. Their daughter Eliza became Mrs Judge James W. Warwick, near the Warm Springs, and Catherine became Mrs Cæsereo Bias, once proprietor of the Red Sweet Springs. Mr Bias was rescued when an infant from a wrecked ship, and is supposed to be of Portuguese parentage. One of their sons, James W. Bias was a very promising candidate for the Presbyterian ministry, and died in North Carolina, where he was spending a vacation in charge of a church. Miss Kate Bias, her daughter, is a very efficient missionary in Brazil.

Colonel Samuel V. Gatewood married Miss Eugenia

Massie, near Alleghany Falls, Va. He succeeded to the old Mountain Grove homestead and built the fine brick mansion there. His daughter Susan became Mrs William Taliaferro, of Rockbridge County. Mary Pleasants, his second daughter, married Samuel Goode of the Hot Springs, Va. William Bias Gatewood, one of the sons, a prominent business man of Loudoun County, has recently died. Colonel A. C. L. Gatewood, another son, resides at the Big Spring, Pocahontas County. He was an officer in the Confederate service, 11th Virginia, (Bath Cavalry), and ranked among the bravest of his comrades. His daughter is Mrs Dr W. T. Cameron, a popular physician in the vicinity of Linwood.

Mrs Jane Gatewood's daughter, Mary Jane, became Mrs Kennedy, a merchant in Memphis, Tennessee, where she died of yellow fever.

Frances, the other daughter, became Mrs Patton, of Rockbridge. Her daughters, Mrs Crockett and Mrs Kent, were highly esteemed ladies of Wytheville and vicinity. Upon her second marriage Mrs Frances Patton became Mrs General Dorman, of Lexington, Va.

Mrs Mary Warwick Mathews and Her Descendants.

This member of Major Warwick's family was married to Sampson Mathews, and for years occupied the old Warwick homestead at Dunmore. Her children were Jacob Warwick, Andrew Gatewood, Sampson Lockhart, Elizabeth, and Jane.

Jacob W. Mathews resided on Sitlington's Creek, near Dunmore. His wife was a daughter of Rev John

McCue, of Augusta County, and who is mentioned in history as a pioneer minister in Greenbrier and Monroe County. There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. Elizabeth married Captain Felix Hull, of McDowell, Highland County. Captain Hull was a prominent merchant and popular citizen. He led a company of two hundred men into Grafton, W. Va., in May 1861. He died in the service of the State of Virginia.

Mary was married to Joseph McC'lung, a citizen of Greenbrier, near Williamsburg. Mrs Newman Feamster, in the Blue Sulphur District, is her daughter; Mrs Brownlee, of Birmingham, Ala., is another daughter.

Andrew G. Mathews married Mary W. See, and lived several years at Dunmore, and then moved to Pulaski County, Va., where his later years were passed amid very pleasant surroundings. He was a highly respected citizen, and a prominent ruling elder in his church and well known throughout the Virginia Synod.

His daughter Martha married Uriah Hevener, near Greenbank. Mrs James Renick, of Greenbrier County, is one of his daughters. Mrs Ellen Snyder, of Salem, Misses Eliza and Rachel Mathews at the old Pulaski homestead, are also daughters. Charles Mathews of Summers County, is his son. Mrs Samuel B. Hannah, near Greenbank, is a granddaughter of Andrew G. Mathews.

Sampson L. Mathews, the third son of Mary Warwick Mathews, married Nancy Edgar, of Greenbrier County. The town of Ronceverte now occupies the Edgar homestead. He was a very useful and intelligent citizen of Pocahontas. He was the first surveyor

of the county and a member of the court a number of years. His only child Mary, became Mrs William H. McClintic, and yet lives. Her five sons were educated at Roanoke College. Hunter was a prosperous citizen of Pocahontas, and met his death April, 1901, by a falling tree; Withrow is an enterprising citizen of Pocahontas; George is a lawyer at Charleston; Edward resides at Seattle, State of Washington. He was among those who visited Alaska, in 1897, searching for gold. Lockhart was State's attorney several terms and represented Pocahontas County in the Legislature.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was married to a Mr Miller, of Rockingham County, Virginia, emigrated to Missouri, and died young. Jane married Captain George Woods, of Albemarle County. Her home was near what is now Ivy Depot. She was the happy mother of six sons and two daughters.

Margaret Warwick See and Her Family.

This daughter was married to Adam See, who lived near Huttonsville, Randolph County. He was a well known lawyer, an extensive owner of lands, an influential citizen and a devoted ruling elder in his church. There were four sons and seven daughters. The sons were George, Jacob, Warwick, and Charles Cameron. Eliza, Dolly, Christina, Mary, Rachel, Hannah, and Margaret were the daughters.

George See's daughter, Georgiana, became the wife of the late Captain Jacob W. Marshall, who raised and commanded a very efficient company of mounted infantry for the Confederate service. He was also one

of the original promoters of Marlinton, and was an active member of the Pocahontas Development Company. F. P. Marshall, Sheriff of Randolph County; Dr L. J. Marshall, of Marlinton, and Cecil Marshall are his sons. Mrs Samuel Holt, and Mrs E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, are his daughters.

George See's son Adam married Dolly Crouch and lived at the old home on Elkwater, Randolph County. Their daughter Florida became Mrs J. Calvin Price, near Clover Lick. She and her two beautiful little boys died within a few months of each other, several years ago.

Jacob Warwick See married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Geo. A. Baxter, one of the most eminent ministers and educators of his day, and settled in Pocahontas, on the property owned by Mr. Uriah Hevener. The last years of his life were spent in Tucker county, W. Va. When more than sixty years of age, he volunteered in the Confederate service, and died in Lynchburg Va., in a military hospital in 1862. His son Rev. Chas. S. M. See, a well-know minister, was with him and had his remains carried to Tinkling Spring Cemetery in Augusta county, where he now sleeps well after his busy life. In personal apperance he is said to have borne a very marked likeness to his venerated grand-father, and no doubt inherited his patriotic spirit along with his name.

The third son, Charles Cameron, was among the most popular and widely known citizens of his native county, an earnest friend of liberal learning, and a zealous Christian gentleman. His wife was a daugh-

ter of Dr Squier Bosworth, an eminent physician of Beverly. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta County, an a ruling elder in the old Stone Church, is his son. Mr Peter See's wife, Mary, is a paughter of Mrs Eliza Gamble, one of Margaret Warwick See's daughters, whose husband, Dr Robert Gamble, was a noted physician, a ruling Elder in the Augusta Church, and a very influential citizen of Augusta County.

Dolly See was married to Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gentleman was a member of the Randolph court, and a delegate to the West Virginia Legislature, and did as much as any other man toward removing the disabilities of southern sympathizers.

Christina See was married to Washington Ward, and lived on the old See homestead, nearly east of Huttonsville. Her sons, Jacob, Renick, and Adam, were all in the Confederate service, and were known by their comrades as men that never flinched from danger nor shirked a duty. All three with their families have migrated to the far west.

Mary See became Mrs Andrew G. Mathews, of whom mention has been made.

Hannah See became Mrs Henry Harper, near Beverly, a ruling Elder in the church and a highly esteemed citizen.

Margaret See was married to the Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph County.

Rachel Cameron See was the wife of Hon. Paul

McNeel, of Pocahontas County. He possessed an immense landed estate, was for years a leading member of the court, sheriff of the county, and was a member of the Virginia convention that passed the Ordinance of Secession. Their eldest son George resides near Hillsboro. He was a Confederate soldier. Andrew Gatewood raised a company for the Confederate service. He died a few years since. John Adam was a soldier, studied law, and now resides upon a fine estate in Rockbridge County. Eliza, the eldest of the daughters, became the wife of Rev Daniel A. Penick, a Presbyterian minister in Rockbridge County. The other daughters are Mrs Edgar Beard, near Millpoint, and Mrs Captain Edgar, near Hillsboro.

Andrew Warwick and His Family.

Major Jacob Warwick had another son, Charles Cameron, but he died while at school in Essex County, Va., aged fourteen. Andrew was therefore the only son that lived to be grown, and to perpetuate his father's name. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Woods, of Nelson County; the second wife was a Miss Dickinson, of Millboro Spring, Bath County.

Andrew Warwick's eldest son, James Woods, lately resided on Jacksons River on a section of the old homestead. He served a term as Judge of the courts of Bath and Highland counties. He received the appointment from the Virginia Legislature. He had never been a lawyer by profession, but such was his clear perceptions and common sense of the right thing to be done that he met the duties of his station with

marked ability, and very acceptably to the people generally. He had three sons:

John Andrew was a lieutenant in the Confederate service; received several wounds, from one of which he suffered many years. For several years he was in the west, leading the life of a frontiersman. He died in 1898.

James Woods was a soldier; a teacher and Superintendent of Schools in Pocahontas County.

Charles Cameron, lately deceased, was a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, and at one time a civil engineer in the Mexican Railway service.

Judge Warwick's daughter Mary, is the wife of Col. A. C. L. Gatewood. Lillie married James A. Frazier, of Rockbridge Alum Springs. Eliza is the wife of J. W. Stephenson, of the Warm Springs, a lawyer and attorney for Commonwealth, Bath County. Another daughter is Mrs Jacob McClintic near the Hot Springs.

Andrew Warwick's second son, Jacob, married Miss Ellen Massie, of East Virginia, and most of his life was spent there. He was an extensive planter, and much esteemed for his elevated, pure character.

John Warwick, the third son of Andrew, resided in Pocahontas County. As a member of the court, school commissioner, assessor of lands, and in other positions of trust, he was prominent as a citizen, and influential. His first wife was Hannah Moffett, the only daughter of Andrew Gatewood, of whom special mention is yet to be made. His second marriage was with Caroline Craig, youngest daughter of George E. Craig, merchant at Huntersville, Elder in his church, and a mem-

estimable christian gentleman. Miss Emma Warwick, Mrs Ernest Moore, of Dunmore, and Mrs Dr Lockridge, of Driscot, are their daughters. Their sons John Warwick, merchant at Hinton, died in 1896; George Warwick died in Lexington, while a student at Washington and Lee College.

Elizabeth Warwick Woods.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family married Colonel William Woods, near Charlottesville, Va. There were no children born to them. He and his wife were particularly kind and bevevolent: A great many persons remember them with gratitude for their ample hospitality.

Mrs Nancy Warwick-Gatewood Poage and Her Descendants.

This member of Major Warwick's family was first married to Thomas Gatewood, son of William Gatewood, of Mountain Grove; by a previous marriage, Jane Warwick, already mentioned, was the second wife of William Gatewood.

Their home was at Marlin's Bottom, now Marlinton, Pocahontas County. Andrew Gatewood was the only child of her first marriage. Upon relinquishing all interest in the Marlins Bottom estate, he received the Glade Hill property, near Dunmore. He is remembered as a person of uncommon sprightliness. While a student at Washington College, he was regarded as the peer of his classmate, William C. Preston of South Carolina, in studies and oratorical talent in their

academic rivalry. He married Sally Moffett. A son and daughter survived him, Charles and Hannah. The daughter became the first wife of John W. Warwick. Her only child was the late Mrs Sally Ligon, wife of Dr John Ligon, of Clover Lick. She was the mother of eight daughters and one son: The late Mrs C. P. Dorr, Mrs Dr McClintic, Mrs Louisa Coyner, Mrs Annette Coyner, Mrs Eva McNeel, Mrs Rosa Arbuckle, Mabel, Georgia, and Yancey.

Upon her second marriage Mrs Nancy Gatewood became the wife of Major William Poage. Four daughters and one son were born of this marriage.

Mrs Poage died one morning just at the dawning. Feeling death to be near, she requested Jennie Johnson, who afterwards became Mrs Jennie Lamb, to sing her favorite hymn:

“Come, O Thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but can not see,
Art Thou the man than died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold,
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.”

Mrs Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, of Locust. At 18 years of age, Mr Beard was a ruling Elder in the Falling Spring Church, Greenbrier County, and was the first clerk of Pocahontas County. During the Civil War, when over seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner by Federal troops. Something was said to rouse his ire, and he challenged the whole squad to single combat.

Their family numbered eight sons and three daughters. William T. Beard, the eldest, was liberally educated, and became an honored, influential citizen. His wife was Mary, the only daughter of Richard McNeel.

Henry Moffett Beard was a Lieutenant in the Confederate service, and for years was among the most prosperous Pocahontas farmers.

Samuel J. Beard has long resided in Missouri.

Joel Early Beard died in the Confederate service. His mother came to church one Saturday morning of a sacramental occasion, to the Brick Church, and the first intimation of her soldier son's death was the fresh grave and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons were Charles Woods, John George, and Wallace Warwick were Confederate soldiers, and are influential citizens residing in the Little Levels of Pocahontas. Edwin Beard, the youngest son, is a merchant at Hillsboro. Mrs Alvin Clark, Mrs George McNeel, and Mrs Maggie Levisay are her daughters.

Mrs Poage's second daughter, Mary Vance, who is said to have borne a remarkable resemblance to her grandmother, Mary Warwick, was first married to Robert Beale, of Botetourt County, and resided on Elk Pocahontas, where he died, leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who married Dr George B. Moffett, one of the first graduates in medicine that ever resided in Pocahontas. One of their sons, James Moffett, lives in Chicago. It was at her son's home Mrs Moffett died a few years ago.

Upon her second marriage Mrs Beale became the wife of Henry M. Moffett, the second clerk of Poca-

hontas, a very excellent man in every respect, and in his time one of the most influential of citizens. Their only son that survived them was George H. Moffett, a member of the Pocahontas bar, ex-speaker of the West Virginia Legislature, and at present a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Evelina, was married to Colonel William P. Thompson, a Confederate officer, whose late residence was in New York, and prominent in the management of the Standard Oil Company. The youngest daughter, Rachel, became Mrs Dr McChesney, of Lewisburg.

Sally Gatewood, another daughter, became Mrs Dr Alexander McChesney, of Charleston, whose daughter, Mary Winters, is the wife of Rev A. H. Hamilton, a well known Presbyterian minister.

Margaret Davies Poage, the third daughter of Mrs Nancy Warwick Poage, was married to James A. Price of Botetourt County, and lived at Marlins Bottom.

Four of their sons were in the Confederate service.— James Henry, Josiah Woods, John Calvin, and Andrew Gatewood.

James Henry was captured at Marlins Bottom and taken to Camp Chase. He died in 1898.

John Calvin was severely wounded in the same skirmish, shot down in the river, and afterward rescued by friends. He resides near Clover Lick.

Josiah Woods graduated with distinction at Washington College in 1861. He was a lieutenant in Captain McNeel's company of mounted infantry. He was a teacher, superintendent of schools, and merchant in

Randolph County; a member of the Randolph court, and for a term was presiding officer. He now resides at Marlinton.

Andrew Gatewood Price was in the Confederate service in the Bath Cavalry. He was taken prisoner at Hanover Junction, and died a few weeks thereafter at Point Lookout, July 6, 1864, aged about twenty years. A lady near Richmond, seeing his name mentioned among the missing, wrote some very beautiful lines, that have been widely copied in books and journals, and his name has been sweetly embalmed and his memory not soon forgotten.

Samuel Davies Price married Caroline McClure and lately resided on Jacksons River, where his widow and children now lives.

Mary Margaret Price, the only surviving daughter, was married to Andrew M. McLaughlin, of whom was purchased the land on which the town of Marlinton is built. They reside near Lewisburg, W. Va. Their eldest son, Rev H. W. McLaughlin, is a Presbyterian minister, in charge of the Greenbank and Dunmore churches. Lee and Edgar are their other sons; Anna Margaret, Lula, and Grace are their daughters.

Concerning William T. Price, the eldest son of J. A. and Mary D. Price, the following is taken from Herringshaw's Encyclopædia of American Biography:

"WILLIAM T. PRICE, cleryman, author, was born July 19, 1830, near Marlinton, W. Va. He was prepared for college at the Hillsboro Academy, and graduated in 1854 from Washington College, now called the Washington and Lee University, receiving a

gold medal as the first honor graduate. In 1857, he completed his theological studies at Union Seminary and was licensed the same year to preach. His time has been devoted mainly to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church—for forty years;—twelve years as home missionary in Bath and Highland counties; sixteen years as pastor of Cooks Creek Church, Rockingham County, Va.; and twelve years as pastor of the Huntersville and Marlinton churches. He has contributed extensively to religious literature and is the author of several published works.”

William T. Price and Anna Louise Randolph, of Richmond, Va., were married in 1865. Their children are Dr James Ward Price, Andrew Price, Susie A. Price, a student at the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore; Norman R. Price, medical student; Calvin W. Price, and Anna Virginia Price.

Elizabeth Wood Poage, the fourth daughter, became the wife of Colonel Joel Mathews, of Selma, Alabama. A sad mortality attended her family; a few, perhaps none survive. Colonel Mathews was an extensive planter, and owned between two and three thousand slaves. He tendered a colored regiment to the Confederate Congress, but the Government was too punctilious to receive them as soldiers, and put them to work on fortifications. Major Dawson, a son-in-law, was a member of the Southern provisional congress.

Colonel William Woods Poage married Miss Julia Callison, of Locust, and lived awhile at Marlins Bottom. His later years were passed near Clover Lick. He served many years as a member of the court. Two

of his sons, Henry Moffett and William Anthony were slain in the war. Henry Moffett was a cavalry officer, and was recklessly daring. He fell near Jack Shop. Mrs Sally W. Beery, of Mt. Clinton, Va., is his only surviving child. William Anthony was no less brave, and lost his life near Middletown, Va., while on a scout.

The surviving sons of Colonel Poage, John Robert and Quincy Woods, are prosperous farmers on the grand old homestead near Clover Lick. These brothers married sisters, daughters of Jacob Sharp, whose mother was the intimate friend of Mrs Mary Vance Warwick, long years ago.

Authentic tradition preserves some incidents that illustrate some of Major Warwick's personal traits. Soon after the affair at Point Pleasant, he went among the Shawnees on a trading excursion to secure skins and furs. On the last excursion of this kind he traveled as far as Fort Pitt, where he found little Gilmore, a boy who had been carried a captive from Kerrs Creek, Rockbridge, Virginia. To put him out of the reach of the mischievous boys, his master had lashed him to a board and laid him on the roof of a log cabin. Mr Warwick tried to ransom the captive, but too much was asked by the Indian foster parent, and so he planned to rescue the boy and bring him home to his surviving friends in the Virginia Valley. He went with the Indians upon a hunting expedition, and while moving from place to place to place he would frequently carry the Indian children behind him on his horse.

and by turns he would carry the Gilmore boy too. Sometimes he would fall behind the party, first with an Indian boy and then with the white one, but still come up in time. Finally the Indians placed so much confidence in the trader as to be off their guard, whereupon he withdrew from the party with the captive and started for the settlements, and before the Indians became suspicious of his intentions, his swift horse had carried them safely beyond their reach. After an arduous journey he arrived home in safety and restored the captive to his friends.

Mr Warwick was once at a house raising in the vicinity of Clover Lick. A young man made himself unpleasantly conspicuous boasting of his fleetness of foot. The Major took one of his young friends aside and told him if he would beat that youngster at a foot race and take some of the conceit out of him he would make him a present. The race came off in the afternoon, and was won by the young friend. Mr Warwick was delighted, and told him to come over to the Lick soon as convenient and see what was there for him. When he did so the Major gave him one of his fine colts.

That youth became a distinguished Methodist minister, Rev Lorenza Waugh; traveled in West Virginia, Ohio, and Missouri, and finally went overland to California, where he died in 1899 at the advanced age of 95 years. During the greater part of this extended itineracy he used horses that were the offspring of the horse presented to him by Major Warwick.

In a controversy about land on Little Back

Creek, in Bath County, a challenge passed between him and Colonel John Baxter. This was about the only serious difficulty he ever had with any one, but the affair was amicably and honorably settled by mutual friends.

His grandson, the late John Warwick, Esq., remembers the last visit paid to the old home in Pocahontas. He would have Greenbrier Ben, a faithful servant, to mount a large black mule; take his grandson, a lad of four years, in his arms and carry him from Jacksons River to Clover Lick—between thirty-five and forty miles—the same day. The party of three rested at noon in the home of John Bradshaw, the pioneer and founder of Huntersville. Squire Warwick remembered seeing the hands at work upon the court house, then in course of erection, and the interest manifested by his venerated grandfather, then more than eighty years of age, in what was going on.

In person, Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop shouldered, and exceedingly agile and muscular. His grandson, the late Jacob See, is said to have resembled him more than any one else in personal appearance.

Mrs Mary V. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. When there was preaching at her house, all present were pressing invited to remain for dinner. Her table service was really elegant, and a prince might well enjoy her dinners. She had a well supplied library of books in the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them, too.

Mr Warwick was jovial in his disposition, and ex-

tremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted much in the society of young people, and even children. His pleasant words and kindly deeds to young people were vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife, most of his time he passed at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table. When apoplexy came upon him he was merrily twitting Miss Phoebe Woods about her beau, young Mr Beale. This occurred January, 1826, when he was nearing his eighty-third year.

They carried his venerable remains about a mile up the west bank of the Jacksons River, and in a spot reserved for family burial, he was buried. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the place seemed to be in danger of forgetfulness. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been nicely and substantially enclosed, and the grave marked by a neatly sculptured marble. In that lonely, but beautiful, valley retreat the strong, busy man has found repose.

THOMAS GALFORD.

So far as now known Thomas Galford, Senior, was the original ancestor of the Pocahontas Galfords. It is believed he came from the Middle Valley and was of Scotch descent. Thomas Galford lived on the place now held by F. Patterson and Charles Nottingham on Glade Hill, and it is the opinion of most persons that he came there just previous to the Revolution.

Thomas Galford had a brother, John, of whom but little is now known. There was a sister, Jennie, who became Mrs Ocho Gunn and lived at the head of Crab Bottom, Highland County. There was another sister whose name cannot now be recalled who became Mrs John Chestnut, on Little Back Creek, where she has numerous descendants.

Thomas Galford married Naomi Slaven, an aunt of Newlen Slaven, late of Meadow Dale, and they were the parents of two sons, John, and Thomas, Junior; and a daughter, Elizabeth.

John Galford married Jennie McLaughlin, lived on the home place, finally went to Lewis County and settled near Walkersville. There were five sons and one daughter: Allen, John, William, James. Thomas and Naomi.

Naomi Galford died a young woman in Lewis County.

John Galford, Junior, married Frederika Hillery and lived at Huntersville where he conducted a flourishing tannery. Two sons and one daughter, Harrison, George, and Mary, who is now Mary V. Rodgers, near Buckeye, are their children.

John Galford's second marriage was with Mary Simmons, daughter of the late Nicholas Simmons. Hampton and Lydia, now Mrs Lee Overholt, are her children.

Thomas Galford married Margaret Curry, on Back Mountain. Their children John, Brown, Naomi, Abigail, now Mrs L. A. Hefner, on Swago. Lanty A. Hefner was a Confederate soldier from '61—'65, attached to Colonel G. M. Edgar's battalion. They are the parents of nine sons and two daughters.

James Galford married Margaret Anderson in Lewis County. They are the parents of seven children. Everett is a teacher of high schools. Homer lives at Walkersville. James Galford is in fine circumstances financially and a highly esteemed, influential citizen of Lewis County.

Allen Galford married Nancy Cassell and lived on on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek. They were the parents of four daughters and three sons. Full particulars are given of his family in the Cassell sketches.

Allen Galford was a well-known citizen and prospered financially. He died not long since aged 82 years. Several years since he sought the forgiveness of his sins and united with the church at the age of 77 years. He left in manuscript a very sincere confession of his faith in the merits of his Savior's atoning blood.

Thomas Galford, Junior, one of the ancestral brothers, was first married to Naomi Slaven, a relative, and settled on a part of the Glade Hill homestead, and thence moved and located on property now held by the late Harvey Curry's family near Dunmore. By this marriage there was one daughter, Jane, who married her cousin, William Galford, son of John Galford, Senior, and first settled on the head of Sitlington's Creek on the farm now owned by her son, William Wellington Galford, and finally moved near Dunmore. The following particulars are at hand about her children:

John Galford, a Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, was wounded at Gettysburg and died at Richmond soon after, in Chimborazo hospital.

Thomas Galford married Lizzie Vint and lived and died near Dunmore.

James Galford died while on a visit to relatives in Highland. His memory is cherished as an earnest, christian man, and a person of promise for good citizenship.

William W. Galford married Ada Mayse, daughter of the late Jubal Mayse and lives at the head of Sitlington's Creek.

Elizabeth Galford, a young woman died at the home place near Dunmore.

Nancy Galford lives on a part of the homestead.

Naomi Galford died soon after reaching womanhood.

Marietta Galford died when nearly grown, of pulmonary affection.

In his second marriage Thomas Galford, Junior, was married to Henrietta Sutton, and there were no children.

Thomas Galford was a very pronounced Confederate sympathizer, and as such he was regarded as a dangerous citizen to be at large in war times. In discharging what they deemed to be their duty, he was arrested by a detachment of Union soldiers, under the command of the late Captain Nelson Pray, and sent to Camp Chase, where he died during the war.

In reference to the pioneer's daughter Elizabeth Galford, the tradition is that when she was fourteen years old she was sent on an errand to the mill, a quarter of a mile east of the residence. The child was never seen afterwards. While parties were carefully searching the creek, Indian signs were discovered

and it was at once concluded that she had been taken captive. Vain pursuit was made, and the neighbors hastened to the fort. Indians, believed to be the same party, attacked the fort and killed a man named Sloan, and an Indian was wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted until he was able to leave for the Ohio towns. Hence the name "Hospital Run."

Some months subsequently Thomas Galford and Samuel Gregory went to the Indian towns, but could hear nothing of the child. The two men lingered about the town, inquiring for furs and tried to trade with the Indians, hoping thus to get the desired information about the missing child. Hearing nothing, they gave up all hopes, and turned their attention to a pair of fine horses. They stole them, hitched them some distance from the town, and then went back and waited in ambush for the warriors that might come in pursuit. Two were shot down and their ornaments taken, and these were kept for years. The bracelets were burned when Thomas Galford, Junior, lost his house. The captured horses were fine stallions. The bay was called Buck Rabbit and the other Irish Grey. Buck Rabbit was sold to John Bird, the ancestor of the Bird relation, on upper Back Creek. The other was bought by John Harnes, a trader from Staunton.

Thomas Galford, the pioneer, and Jacob Warwick, on returning from a scout, thought they would have sport at the expense of William Higgins and Peter Ingram, whom they found digging potatoes near the fort at the mouth of Deer Creek. Higgins always claimed

there was no indian that could ever make him run. While the two were busy with their digging, Galford and Warwick slipped up to the fence and fired simultaneously, hitting the ground close to Higgins and scattering the dust all over him. He and Ingram ran with all speed to the stockade and reported that Indians had fired on them. The panic was soon relieved however, when hilarious laughter instead of war whoops were heard in the direction of the potato patch.

JOHN R. FLEMMENS.

One of the most unique and picturesque characters that figure in our local history was John R. Flemmens, of Laurel Creek. Early in the century residents of the head of Stony Creek saw smoke rising from Red Lick Mountain. At first it was thought to be a hunter's camp. Upon noticing the smoke continuing for some days, curiosity was awakened, and parties went up into the Red Lick wilderness to see what it meant. To their surprise they found a family in camp, arranging for a permanent settlement.

There were five persons, John R. Flemmens and Elizabeth Flemmens, his wife; James and Frederick were the sons, and one daughter, Elizabeth. There were nice horses and several cows ranging about. The family had been there for several weeks, yet no one ever found out when or whence they had come. Had these persons arrived in a balloon from the clouds at midnight, their coming could not have been better

concealed than it seemed to have been from the neighbors.

The Flemmens opened what is now the "Rosser Place." But few persons were ever known to labor more industriously than the mother and her three children. Mr Flemmens bought lands from Isaac Gregory amounting to four thousand acres. It was a part of the William Lewis Lovely survey. The papers dated 1777, and this region was then in the metes and bounds of Harrison County. Such a deal in lands sounds fabulous now, or did until the recent operations of Colonel McGraw and others have rather eclipsed the Flemmens' deals on that line. John R. Flemmens at times seemed pressingly anxious to sell large tracts at ten cents an acre. Lands now held by Colonel McGraw, the Whites, Shearers, and others.

On his possessions John Flemmens made an opening, built a house, and preparations were made for an immense barn. The barn was never finished. Some of the hewn timber for the barn was more than two feet across the face and smooth as silk. How such work could be so smoothly done was the wonder of all who may have examined it.

The Flemmens family became noted for sugar making. They would work several hundred trees in the season. On the southern exposures an early camp would be worked, then move to another less exposed, and then move into the north and close the season there. The mother and children would carry the sap for miles in pails supported by straps from their shoulders, and much of the sap was carried up hill. In

making arrangements for evaporating the sap, an immense tree would be felled and the kettles supported against it, and then the fires kindled. It was no uncommon thing to see fifteen or twenty large kettles boiling at the same time.

The output would amount to hundreds of pounds. The sugar was generally stirred until it pulverized, and much of it was nearly as fair as brown or coffee sugar.

A good deal of the sugar was taken to Lewisburg and exchanged for more kettles. Mr Flemmens could pack three large iron kettles on one horse. In these excursions to the sugar market, and very frequently at other times, John Flemmens had three horses, driving the foremost, riding the middle one, and leading the third—all arranged randem fashion. In this manner he could traverse the bridle paths,—at an early day the common means of communication between places.

The entire family became members of the church.

James Flemmens was fond of hunting, but he met with so little success that his father warned him that if he came home any more without venison, he should not be allowed to waste any more time as he had been doing.

“Worrich pays better than no luck, Jim, in huntin’, and so you know what will be up if you don’t git nothin’ this time.”

This was spoken in stentorian tones with a commanding voice, and it seems to have rung in Jimmy’s ears to a practical purpose.

That day he had the luck to bring home a venison.

The same day the late venerable John Barlow killed

a deer, but he did not bring it home—left it hanging in the woods, hunter fashion—and it mysteriously disappeared. Suspicious gossip ran high, which the Flemmens meekly endured until they began to think that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and a church trial was demanded to vindicate Jimmy's character from the slanderous insinuations in connexion with the disappearance of the deer.

The preliminaries for trial being duly arranged by the Presiding Elder at Hamlin Chapel, the slandered hunter put in his pleas, with flowing tears and tremulous voice, when the Elder asked the question:

“Brother James Flemmens, did you or did you not take Brother Barlow's deer?”

“I hope not. God knows I hope God does not know I took the deer, as I am slandered with.”

Mr Barlow exclaimed; “God does n't know any such thing.”

The strife of tongues now promised to become sharp, but the imperious Presiding Elder made it short and decisive by a wave of the hand and a significant look toward the door. Somehow, as the Flemmens thought unjustly, the Elder construed James' plea as a virtual confession that he had spirited away the missing game. He solemnly deposed him from church membership, and thus cleared all others of slanderous intentions.

Soon as the decision was announced, John Flemmens arose and asked for a dismissal: “Give me my name, and give me old Betsy's, too!” Young Betsy tearfully asked for her name also. They all soon found a church home elsewhere.

In the course of events Frederick was the first to die and that too far away from his mountain home under sadly peculiar circumstances. John R. Flemmens called at John Barlow's to pass the night. Mr Barlow had heard of Frederick's death, but did not wish any one to say any thing about it before morning. But one of the boys came in before his father could repress him and said: "Mr Flemmens, do you know that Fred is dead?"

"Is it possible, Mr Barlow, have you heard that my boy is dead?"

"Yes," replied Mr Barlow, "I am sorry to say it is even so."

In an instant the bereaved father seemed to be frenzied by his grief. He caught up his three horses and started for home in the night. As he slowly ascended the mountain path his agonized cries could be heard for miles: "O Freddy, my dear son; your poor old father will never see you again. O Freddy, my son, my son!"

While on a visit to Ohio, Mr Flemmens died there.

Mrs Flemmens and her daughter Elizabeth spent their last years in the vicinity of Buckeye. They spun and wove and industriously earned a living as long as their willing hands could retain their cunning, and had the respectful esteem of all their neighbors.

AARON MOORE.

Aaron Moore, one of the older sons of Moses Moore the pioneer, hunter, and scout, after his marriage with

Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, first lived near Frost; but the greater part of his life he dwelt on the west bank of the Greenbrier, four miles above Marlinton, where he had settled in the woods.

John Johnson, the ancestor of the Johnson relationship, and the pioneer of West Marlinton, whose log cabin stood several hundred yards below the bridge, near a large walnut tree, heard that corn had matured in Nicholas. He set out to bring in some of the Nicholas corn for seed, and lost his way in Black Mountain and was bewildered for nine days, having nothing to eat most of the time. In his desperation he tried a morsel of garter snake, but he could not swallow it, and he concluded he would rather die than "eat such eatings as that." Upon coming to a house he was just able to move, and scarcely able to talk enough to make the mistress of the place understand what had happened. She at once proceeded to prepare a bountiful meal, thinking a man as hungry as he was would never know when to quit. In the meantime the proprietor came in and countermanded all this preparation, and directed a little thin mush to be boiled and a little skimmed milk be brought from the spring house. He prepared a saucer of mush and milk and gave the famished stranger one spoonful, and then waited for results. In a few minutes there was a violent emetic disturbance, and it looked as if he was about to turn inside out. When this subsided, a little more of the mixture was given, with more favorable results, and in a few hours the pangs of hunger were somewhat appeased. Nourishment was carefully dosed out for

some days, and he finally made the trip, bringing the corn, which planted one of the first crops ever produced in the vicinity of Marlinton.

By arduous industry and judicious economy Mr and Mrs Moore built up a prosperous home. Their sons were John, James, Samuel, Thomas, Andrew Jackson, Henry, William Daniel, and George Claiborne; and the daughters were Mary, Elizabeth, Catherine, Eliza, and Melinda—eight sons and five daughters.

John Moore married Jane, daughter of Colonel John Baxter, and settled in the woods near Marlinton. Their children were Aaron, William, Theodore, Washington, and one daughter, Catherine, now Mrs Thomas Auldrige, near Indian Draft.

James Moore married Anne McNeill daughter of the late Squire John McNeill, on Dry Branch of Swago, and settled in the woods near Marlinton, on property now owned by John R. Moore. Their children were John Register, Frances, Rachel, George, Henry, Nelson, and Naomi. John Register lives on the homestead. His wife was Mary Baxter, daughter of the late William Baxter, near Edray.

Samuel Moore married Nancy Beale, and settled on the summit of Marlin Mountain, in the unbroken forest and killed ten rattlesnakes on the first acre cleared about his cabin. Their children were Lucas, Martha, Catherine, Margaret, Jennie, William Thomas, Anise, George, Kenney, Rachel, and Melinda—eight daughters and four sons. Mrs Moore was a daughter of Thomas Beale, who came from Maryland soon after the war of 1812. He claimed to have been a sailor in

early life, and was one of the defenders of Baltimore, and saw the engagement immortalized by the "Star Spangled Banner." The farm opened up by Samuel Moore is visible from so many points that a lady from Florida called it a revolving farm.

William D. Moore settled on Elk Mountain in the woods. He was married three times. His first wife was Rebecca Sharp; her children were Matthias, Charles L., Elizabeth, Mary, Jacob, and Nancy. The second wife was Mary Ann Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior. Her one child was Mary Ann Moore. The third wife was Hannah Beverage. Her children were Amanda, now Mrs S. D. Hannah, on Elk; Susan, now Mrs John Gibson, near Mary's Chapel; Effie, now Mrs A. P. Gay, near Clover Lick; Etta, Joseph, and Ellis.

Thomas Moore, a noted rail splitter and fence builder, never married. He opened up a nice farm on Back Alleghany, where he now resides.

Andrew Jackson Moore was married twice. First wife was Abigail McLaughlin, daughter of the late Major Daniel McLaughlin, near Greenbank. Her children were Ernest and Anise, now Mrs D. Hevner, on Back Alleghany. The second wife was Rachel, daughter of the late Charles Grimes, near Frost. Her children were Virginia, now Mrs Silva, on Stamping Creek, Forest, Samuel, Thomas, and Elmer.

A. J. Moore settled in the woods on Back Alleghany, and opened up a fine farm.

Henry Moore married Elizabeth Auldridge, and settled in the woods near Driftwood, and opened up two

nice farms. Their only son, Andrew Moore, lives at the homestead.

George C. Moore married Rachel Duncan on Stony Creek. Her father, Henry Duncan, came from Rockbridge, and was one of the carpenters that worked on the court house at Huntersville. Mr Moore lives on the "Young Place," on Stony Creek.

Elizabeth Moore became Mrs William Auldridge. These persons settled in the woods near Indian Draft. Their children were Hanson, Melinda, and Eliza. Eliza died not long since. Hanson and Melinda are living on the nice homestead opened up by their worthy parents.

Catherine Moore was married to John Burr, and they settled in Burrs Valley, where she is now living.

Eliza Moore became Mrs Price McComb, and they settled in the woods on Cummings Creek, densely covered with white pine, and opened up virtually several nice farms. Their children were Nancy, Charles, George, Wyllis, Andrew Beckley, Henry on the homestead; and Alice, now Mrs George Wagner, at Huntersville.

Melinda Moore was the second wife of the late Captain William Cochran, on Stony Creek. Her children are William Cochran, on the homestead; and Catherine Jane, now Mrs Giles Sharp, near Verdant Valley. Her second marriage was with Joseph Barlow, who lives on the Cochran homestead.

It is instructive to reflect on the memoirs of such a relationship, so largely composed of patient, industrious people, accomplishing what they have done in

developing our county. Nine members of this family settled in the woods, and by their efforts more than a thousand acres of wilderness land has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mary died in early womanhood, regarded by her sisters as their special favorite. Two, while not settling in the woods, have shown by their industry and enterprise how to make the best of more favorable opportunities, and improved what came into their hands already opened up and improved.

It is not easy to appreciate what it cost—weary toil, wear and tear of muscle and bodily vigor—to achieve what they have. Nevertheless, the oldest people tell us that there was more real contentment and satisfaction and enjoyment in life then than now; for there was a felt community of interest, and harmonious help and truly sympathetic endeavor, that seemed to have a charm not apparent now. Then it seemed a genuine pleasure to show favors and render assistance, but now pay seems to be expected for most everything that may be done in the way of helpful service.

Like most of the persons of his time, Aaron Moore was a successful hunter and made it profitable. One of his memorable adventures occurred while on his way to search for the body of his neighbor, James Twyman who was drowned in Thorny Creek, January 17, 1834, and was not found until January 19. Mr Moore lived on the west bank of the river, while Thorny Creek is on the east side. He went up the west bank to cross at Joseph Friel's. As he was threading his way along the snow covered path, his dog came upon the trail of

a panther, and treed it in a lofty pine near the summit of the river ridge, about opposite Friel's. He shot the animal, left it where it fell to be attended to later on, and then hurried away on his sorrowful duty, canoeing the river at high tide. The body of the drowned neighbor was found stranded on a large rock, that is still pointed out not very far below the mouth of the creek.

When Mr Moore died, his remains were taken to the Duffield grave yard. His faithful wife survived him a few years, and then was carried to rest by his side, where they are now sleeping the years away, in hope of a blessed resurrection. May they stand in their lot at the end of the days.

LEVI MOORE.

One hundred years ago, one of the most widely known citizens in the region now embraced by Pocahontas and Bath counties, was Levi Moore, Senior, a native of Wales. He was the pioneer of Frost, and came to there some time previous to the Revolution, and was among the first to make a permanent settlement. The lands he settled now owned by the Gibsons, Sharps and others. His wife was Susannah Crist and he first settled in Pennsylvania, where he lived until his family, two sons and two daughters were born and the older ones nearly grown.

Hannah Moore was married to Robert Gay, the ancestor of the Gay relationship, so frequently alluded to in these papers.

From Mrs John Simmons and Mrs Mary Jane Moore we learn the following particulars:

Sally Moore became Mrs John Smith, one of the first permanent settlers of the Edray district, near the head of Stony Creek, of whom special mention is made.

George Moore was at the notable wedding when Jacob Slaven and Miss Eleanor Lockridge were married near Driscol. The tradition is that a practical joke was played by one James Brindley, at which the horse took fright, ran off, and the rider's head struck a projecting fence stake and was instantly killed. George Moore lived a while on the land now held by Abram Sharp, but sold to John Sharp and went to Kentucky. He was back on a visit when his sudden death occurred as just mentioned.

Levi Moore, Junior, was a person of marked prominence in county affairs. In person he was six feet eleven inches in height, and well proportioned. He was a member of the Virginia legislature and was on the commission to locate the court-house, and selected a site near where George Baxter, county surveyor, now lives. His first marriage was with Miss Nancy Sharp, daughter of William Sharp, the Huntersville pioneer, and lived on the Moore homestead. In reference to their children the following items are recorded:

Rebecca Moore was married to Leonard Irvine, on Back Creek, and lived at the brick house where the road to Frost leaves the Back Creek road. Levi Irvine was killed in an accident; Lizzie Irvine was married to Henry Coffee, of Augusta County, Va.; Cornelia Irvine

was married to William Gardner and settled in Webster County; Wilton Irvine married Kate McCarty, daughter of George McCarty, and settled on Little Back Creek; Susannah Irvine was married to Cyrus Kelley on Little Creek; and there is a son, Herron Irvine.

Margaret Moore was married to Eli McCarty and lived near Laurel Run. Her daughter, Margaret McCarty, married the late John Simmons and lived on the homestead. Her brother, Paul, died in the west.

Martha Moore, another daughter of Hon Levi Moore, Junior, was married to the late Rev John Waugh, of Indian Draft. Her children were Levi, Beverly, John, Samuel, Miriam, Ann and Eveline. Joseph B. McNeel, on Bucks Run; Rev John W. McNeel, a minister of the Baltimore Conference, are her grand-children.

Andrew Moore married Rebecca Waugh, daughter of Samuel Waugh, in the Hills, and settled on Knapps Creek, thence moved to the head of Stony Creek, and finally located in Jackson County. He was noted for his skill in forecasting the seasons and weather.

Levi Moore, the third, went to Nebraska where it is reported he amassed a large fortune in the fur trade. Having no family of his own, he adopted his nephew, John Moore one of Andrew's sons.

The Hon Levi Moore's second marriage was with Mary McCarty, daughter of Timothy McCarty, a Revolutionary veteran, and the ancestor of the widely extended McCarty relationship in our county.

Rachel Moore, a daughter of this marriage, became the wife of James Sharp, on Thorny Creek, and mi-

grated to Iowa.

Susannah Crist Moore, another daughter, was married to Stephen Hadden, and also went to Iowa.

Mrs Mary Jane Moore, the third daughter, makes her home with her daughter, Mrs Matilda Moore, near Mt Zion Church.

George Moore, the youngest son, was about as tall as his father. He spent some years in the west. He returned to Pocahontas about 1841, and was a pupil at the first session taught in the Pocahontas Academy, at Hillsboro, in 1842. The Rev Joseph Brown was Principal. He had the profession of medicine in view and was studious to a fault in his efforts to qualify himself. Mr Brown took much interest in the quiet and exemplary student, so intensely anxious for intellectual improvement. After all his hard labor, the young man was seized with pulmonary disease, aggravated by his close application to books, and died at the home of his sister, Mrs Rebecca Irvine, on Back Creek. The writer remembers him well, and he feels the pathos of "the Epitaph" in Gray's "Elegy of a Country Churchyard."

Levi Moore, Senior, located 575 acres of a "British survey on the headwaters of Knapps Creek. After the Revolution new requirements were made in order to secure permanent possession. It was to pay a requisite fee, a warrant would be laid, and a patent granted by the federal government. The new papers are dated 1798, and attested by Henry Grimes and Allen Poage, and signed by James Madison, Governor of Virginia.

Previous to this survey George Poage had laid a warrant on two thousand acres, which would have included the 575 acres claimed by the Moores. At first the Moores contested for the British right, but when they found such was not valid they then availed themselves of the provision authorizing exchange of warrants. Levi Moore, Junior, appears in this new arrangement as assignee of Levi Moore, Senior, for lands adjoining the lands of Aaron Moore, who was living at that time on the Herold place. So when a warrant held elsewhere was exchanged for the warrant on the land adjoining Aaron Moore, was agreed upon by Poage and Levi Moore, it came about that when the patent was applied for, George Poage stated the fact that there had been an exchange of warrants, and at Poage's request the title for 575 acres was vested in Levi Moore, Junior, as assignee of Levi Moore, Sr.

This transaction is interesting and instructive, as showing the spirit of the times, and how business men acted on the principles of an enlightened and pure conscience. So far as the letter of the law went, Poage could have held the 575 acres, with all the improvements and good qualities of the land; yet within his breast there was the higher law of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and he keeps his fellow citizen from suffering from the mistake he made when he relied on the validity of British right, which had been declared null and void by the results of the Revolution. At the time, the warrant elsewhere bore no comparison, in real value, to the warrant for the lands adjoining the lands of Aaron Moore.

The golden rule comes in, and an enlightened conscience decides the matter. The spirit did right when the letter of the law would have been a shield for robbery. It makes us feel proud of our pioneer people to catch glimpses of what manner of men they were.

It is a sad day for any generation or family relationship to have it said of them that, like potatoes, the "best parts of them are in the ground."

The record of this transaction is carefully preserved, and may be consulted time and again in the future as a testimony of what it is to be fair and square.

JOHN MOORE.

"Pennsylvania" John Moore is represented by a worthy posterity, and deserves special mention as one of the Pocahontas Pioneers. He was among the immigrants from Pennsylvania, and as there were several John Moores, the soubriquet "Pennsylvania" was and is attached to his name. Upon his marriage with Margaret Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, scout, hunter, and pioneer, John Moore settled and opened up the place now occupied by David Moore, near Mount Zion Church, in the Hills. Their family consisted of three sons and eight daughters.

Martha Moore became Mrs John Collins, and lived in Upshur County, West Virginia.

Jennie lived to be grown and died of cancerous affection.

Nancy Moore was married to Peter Bussard, and they had their home near Glade Hill.

Hannah Moore married Martin Dilley, and lived where Mrs Martha Dilley now resides.

Poebe Moore became Mrs Samuel McCarty, and lived where Peter McCarty now lives.

Elizabeth Moore was married to Daniel McCarty, a soldier of the War of 1812, and lived where Sheldon Moore now dwells.

Margaret Moore married Eli Bussard, and lived where their son, Armenius Bussard, now lives.

Rebecca Moore was married to John Sharp, from near Frost, and lived on the place now occupied by Joseph Moore, near the Bussard neighborhood.

William Moore, son of the Pennsylvania immigrant, married Margaret Callahan, of Bath County, Va., and opened up the homestead now owned by William Jeff Moore. In reference to William Moore's family the following particulars are in hand:

James C. Moore married Hester Nottingham, from Glade Hill. Their children are Adam C., William, and Mrs W. H. Gabbert, near Huntersville. Adam and William Moore live on the old homestead with their mother. James C. Moore, their father, was a Confederate soldier. He died of wounds received during the memorable seven days fight around Richmond, and was buried near Greenwood Tunnel, Va.

William Jefferson Moore married Loretta Grimes, and lives on the paternal homestead near Mount Zion. They are the parents of these sons and daughters: Mattie Elizabeth, George Ellsworth, Charles King Caroline Frances, Fannie Amoret, Myrtle Florence, Ira H., and Hattie.

Mary Jane Moore, sister of James and Jefferson Moore, was married to Ralph Dilley and lived on another section of the paternal homestead.

This worthy man, William Moore, came to end his industrious, useful life under very sad circumstances. A fire had broken out from a clearing near his home, and with no one with him he endeavored to check its progress. In doing so he seems to have been overcome with fatigue and was suffocated by the smoke and flames. He was therefore found dead in the track of the fire, on the 4th of April, 1866.

John Moore, son of John Moore the Pennsylvania emigrant, married Mary Hannah, one of Joseph Hannah's daughters, on Elk, and settled on a portion of the pioneer homestead now occupied by David Moore. One of his sons, Joseph, married Susan Bussard, and lives near Frost. Another son, David, married Matilda Moore, and lives on the homestead where his father had lived before him. Alfred, another son of John Moore, Junior, lives with his brother, Joseph Moore.

James W. Moore, a son of John Moore, Junior, married Margaret Nottingham, and lives on a section of the Moore homestead.

William Moore, the only son of the James Moore just mentioned, was a Confederate soldier. He was captured near Richmond in 1862, and was never heard from afterwards. He sleeps in some unknown grave, far from his kindred and the friends that remember him so tenderly.

John Moore, the ancestor of this branch of the Moore relationship, was one of the families that came

first to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia, early in the seventies of the eighteenth century. Except by marriage, there is no well authenticated relationship known to exist between his family and the other families of the Moore name—so numerous in our county—and who have performed such an important service in opening up prosperous homes, in the face of such serious obstacles, so bravely and perseveringly met and overcome by them.

We younger people, who were permitted to begin where the pioneers left off, can scarcely realize what it cost in laborious privation, in personal discomfort and inconvenience, in wear and tear of mind and body, to make possible what seems to come to us as naturally as the air we breathe. In a modified sense, the same qualities that were requisite in clearing lands, and rearing homes, and making improvements, in the first place, are needed to retain what has been done, and add thereto. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty that cost the blood and lives of the brave. So, in a higher sense, eternal industry and economy is the price of a living from the lands reclaimed at such a cost by those who worked and suffered while they lived for our good and their own.

GEORGE KEE.

The late George Kee was one of the early settlers of our county, and deserves a place in the history of the the Pocahontas people. He was a native of Tyrone, Ireland. He and his brother William left Ireland

when he was under age, and owing to the shipping regulations was not allowed to embark as a regular passenger. Young Kee went aboard to see his brother off, and concealed himself until too far away at sea to put him off the vessel. The intention was to take him back, but upon landing at Philadelphia he eluded the parties in search of him, and escaped to the country.

He came to America in 1780, landing at Philadelphia after a voyage of thirteen weeks. At Lancaster City the brothers spent some time, and separated at that place and never met again, and Mr Kee never heard anything more of him.

From Lancaster Mr Kee went to Lakeville, near the Susquehanna River, where he staid for some time. From Lakeville he came to Pendleton County, West Virginia, where he met a relative, Aaron Kee. This relative was a merchant, and furnished George Kee some goods, and sent him to Pocahontas County, (then Bath), to dispose of them. He became acquainted with John Jordan, who had been in that business before him, and Mr Jordan had him make his home with him, and for six or seven years he spent the most of his time in the Levels at John Jordans.

It seems, too, that the young Irish merchant was fond of making trips to Joshua Buckley's on the east bank of the Greenbrier, opposite the mouth of Swago Creek. Hetty Buckley, with her smart and tidy ways, took his fancy, and they were married 1800, and opened up their home at the place now occupied by Aaron Kee, a grandson, two miles below Marlinton.

There were six sons and one daughter. Two of the

sons died in childhood. The four sons that lived to be grown were Joshua Buckley, Andrew, John, and William. The daughter's name was Hannah.

Hannah married Timothy Clunen, a native of Ireland, and lived on Bucks Run. Her children were Hetty, who became Mrs Sterling Campbell, and lived on head of Swago; Margaret, now Mrs Luther Kellison on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Beaver Creek. Nancy is Mrs Daniel McNeill, at Buckeye. George Clunen and Buckhannon Clunen live in Missouri. Allie Clunen lives in Indiana. Elizabeth Clunen lives at the old home on Swago.

Joshua B. Kee, the eldest son of the Kee family, married Rebecca Stevenson, of Bath County, and settled on the Greenbrier, a mile below Marlinton. Esther and Rachel were the names of his daughters, and they both died when about grown. Joshua Kee was a person of remarkable mechanical skill. He could work in stone, iron, and wood, as well as farm. His specialty was gunsmithing, in which he excelled, and in his time when so much hunting was done this was of great service to the people.

Andrew Kee married Mary Duncan, on Stony Creek a sister of the late Henry Duncan. Her family came from Collierstown, a few miles from Lexington, Rockbridge, Virginia. His children were Hannah, Jane, Nancy, and Esther. The two latter died during the war, and had grown to womanhood. It was about this time that camp fever and diphtheria ravaged this whole region, and swept away in some instances all but one or two of entire families, and Andrew Kee's was one

such. Mrs Kee was the only survivor, and lived a widow more than thirty years.

Andrew Kee lived on the Greenbrier, near Buckeye, on the place now held by William A. Duncan. He was a very expert marksman and successful hunter. It was no uncommon thing for him to shoot squirrels across the Greenbrier with his mountatn rifle, over 100 yards. Many would think it good shooting to hit a deer that distance with such a weapon.

John Kee married Hester Gwin, a daughter of James Gwin, Senior, near Gall Town, Highland, and a neice of Mrs Rebecca Kee, mentioned elsewhere. John Kee lived at the homestead, and the names of his children were James, Alcinda, Dallas, Aaron, Samuel, Susan, Henrietta, and Hester.

James Kee was a Union soldier in the regular service, and died in the war at Winchester, Virginia.

Alcinda became Mrs George McKeever, and lives on Swago.

Aaron Kee married Milly McNeill, and settled on the Kee homestead. Samuel Kee lives with his brother Aaron.

Hester Kee first married William Poage and lived near Edray. Her second marriage was with Henry Poage.

Like his brothers, John Kee was an expert worker in different callings. His specialty was wagon making along with farming.

William Kee, son of George Kee, married Ruth McCollam, and settled on a part of the homestead now occupied by Captain J. R. Apperson. Their

children were Eliza, George, Matilda, and William.

Eliza was a young person of much promise, and a highly esteemed and successful teacher. She died December 19, 1861, aged 22 years, and in a week before her father's lamented death.

George M. Kee first married Mary J. Palser, and settled on a section of his father's homestead. Locke and Eliza were the children of this marriage. The second marriage was with Rachel Moore. They have six children. George M. Kee was a Confederate soldier. He has filled several positions in county affairs, as magistrate, commissioner of the court, &c.

Matilda Kee was married to Captain J. R. Apperson, and lived on the homestead.

William L. Kee, who lives near Washington City, and holds a position in the Land Office, is the youngest of William Kee's family. His wife was Catherine Phares, daughter of William Phares, near Elkins.

William Kee, the youngest son of George Kee the ancestor, was a very estimable person, being an honest industrious citizen, he was of great service to the community in which he lived. He was one of the most public spirited citizens of his times. He and his brothers, Joshua, Andrew, and John, built with their own hands and at their own expense one of the most comfortable school houses anywhere in their section of the county, in order to have their children educated. It was near the stone quarry. Mr Kee's wife was Ruth McCollam, daughter of William McCollam and Sally Drennan his wife. They were married in 1837. He died December 25, 1862. She died February 5, 1897,

aged 79 years, 9 months, and 14 days. .

George Kee; the progenitor of the Kee relationship, was in many respects a very remarkable person. He read a great deal, and reflected on what he did read, and could converse fluently and intelligently on whatever subject that was discussed in books or the public journals. He was the first person that I had ever heard say anything about John Locke, the eminent mental philosopher, and one of the foremost metaphysicians of his day. Mr Kee was anxious for me to read the book, and insisted on me to do so whenever I was able to lay my hands on it. His copy was worn out, and he had not been able to get another, as he had frequently tried. So it turned out that one of the first books I looked for in the college library was Locke on the Human Understanding, an old book and out of print. In subsequent years when attending lectures, I found that one of the ablest lecturers did not seem as familiar with Locke as my old friend in his mountain home. Lock had become somewhat of a back number with his innate ideas, and a different theory was coming into vogue. The new theory was to cram the mind, and the more it should be crammed the more the education imparted. Now the tendency is beginning to show itself to work from within, and develop the mental faculties so that the mind is prepared to receive and make use of whatever it finds without that would be useful. With some qualifying conditions, Locke's theory is coming into use, and it may be thinkers will reach the position occupied by our old friend, 60 years ago, and claim honor and recognition for original re-

search in educational affairs.

He had a passionate love for trees. He looked upon a tree as something of more real worth and use than gold or silver. If the forests were to be destroyed, his notion was that people would become like the traveler suffering from hunger and thirst on the desert, who noticed a well filled pouch not far ahead of him. Uttering a joyful exclamation, he hastened to pick it up. Upon opening it he found it filled with pearls of the most precious and valuable quality, such as queens only could afford to wear. The traveler threw it down and exclaimed: "Alas, I thought I was finding dates to quench my thirst and relieve my hunger."

He was a Jacksonian Democrat—first, last, and all the time. Were he alive now, with unchanged sentiments, Henry George would have had one friend in Pocahontas that he could have relied on through evil as well as good report.

Mr Kee claimed to be an Associate Reformed Presbyterian, commonly known as the Seceders or Covenanters. It was a blessing to our county to have such a person as Mr Kee identified with its history. I think this is a sentiment with which all will agree who remember something of his sterling character.

HENRY DILLEY.

Among the early settlers of our county, Henry Dilley deserves more than a passing notice. He was one of the four Dilley brothers, one of whom was the late Martin Dilley. It is believed the Dilleys came from

Maryland, and very probably of French descent.

Henry Dilley went over to John Sharp's, the early settler of Frost, often enough to persuade his daughter Margaret to have him for better or worse, and they were happily married and settled on Thorny Creek, and as long as Dilleys Mill will be known his name will not be forgotten. Mr Dilley never doubted the truth of the Bible—especially that place in Genesis where it speaks of the ground bringing forth "thorns and thistles." he had enough of these things to contend with on his Thorny Creek land, where he settled, opened up a home, and built a mill—one of the best of its kind at that day—and its successor keeps up a good reputation as Dilley's mill yet. Men may come and men may go, but the beautiful perennial stream, that was utilized by Henry Dilley, still goes on in its useful service for the benefit of his children's children, and a great many others, far and near.

Joseph Dilley, son of Henry Dilley, married Mary Ann, a daughter of the late Joseph Friel, on Greenbrier River, five miles above Marlinton, and near the mouth of Thorny Creek, and settled on a part of the homestead, where he yet lives.

Thomas Dilley married Peachy VanReenan, a native of Holland, and lived on Cummings Creek. He was a Confederate soldier.

Ralph Dilley married Mary Jane, daughter of William Moore, near Mount Zion, and settled on a section of the Moore homestead, at one of the head springs of Moore's Run, which debouches into Knapps Creek at Brown Moore's. Four daughters and one son com-

posed their family.

Daniel Dilley married a daughter of the late Dr Addison Moore, near Edray, and migrated to Iowa.

William Dilley first married Mary Friel, daughter of Jeremiah Friel, the pioneer on the Greenbrier at the mouth of Thorny Creek, and settled in Huntersville as the village blacksmith, in which occupation his skill was very superior. His second marriage was with Elizabeth Baker. There were four children by this marriage. William Dilley's third marriage was with Ann Drepperd, and by this marriage there were five sons and three daughters.

John Dilley, son of Henry Dilley, was a mechanic of remarkable skill to be a self trained workman. He was honest and industrious, and it is believed by his friends that he sacrificed his health in his devotion to his useful calling through exposure. What he suffered it is hard for anyone to realize. His wife was Ellen Friel. These persons lived for years on Stony Creek. Their daughter Frances married Lieutenant Henry M. Poage. He was a gallant Confederate officer, and was killed near Warrenton, Virginia. Mrs Poage had died some time previously. They were survived by one daughter, who is now Mrs Sallie Woods Beery, of Rockingham County, Virginia. A Pocahontas camp of Confederate veterans has given to Lieutenant Poage the highest honor they can confer when they named their organization the Moffett Poage Camp, which has Marlinton for the place of rendezvous.

The name Dilley indicates a French origin, and although Martin Dilley claimed to be of German de-

scent, it does not necessarily follow that the family is of pure German origin. A very important element of the immigration to this country in the previous century were the Huguenot French, who had refuged from France about or soon after 1685, to England, Holland, and Germany, and thence to the New World, as it was then so frequently called.

William Penn's colony had great attractions for the Germans, and for many others besides. It is altogether possible, and quite probable, that there were Dilleys (Dilles) from France among the exiles, and found their way to Germany; and after living there some years, their children, hearing of the advantages to be had in America, came over along with the German immigrants, and regarded themselves as such. As a general thing, the Huguenot people were employed in the shops and manufactures; but what was the loss of France was the gain of continental countries and many places in the United States, as the reader may readily learn by reference to history.

For a long time, too, Lord Baltimore's Maryland colony was really one of the best places for the early immigrants, and a great many of the early settlers of Maryland were attracted by the inducements he offered. But as "burnt children dread the fire," it is not likely that very many of the French protestants should be inclined to settle permanently in a Roman Catholic colony, managed by an avowed Roman Catholic. To Lord Baltimore's credit, however, let it be remembered that there was more of religious tolerance under his administration than almost anywhere else in the civil-

ized world of that period. Some writers go so far as to say that Maryland was the birth place of religious toleration. The matter is an interesting one to inquire into.

JOHN SMITH.

This paper is designed to perpetuate the memory of two very deserving persons, who were among the first to open up a home on Stony Creen near its source, now known as the West Union neighborhood. John Smith was a native of Ireland. He came to this region a hundred and thirty years ago, from Pennsylvania, and upon becoming acquainted with the family of Levi Moore, the pioneer at Frost, he made love to Sally Moore, one of the daughters. Upon their marriage the two young people took a fancy to the large spring that gushes so copiously and beautifully from the rocky cliffs at the source of Stony Creek, and settled close by it and built up their home. The place is now occupied by the family of the late Captain William Cochran. Some particulars in regard to their sons and daughters have been already given in other biographic papers, that need not be repeated here in full. In addition, therefore, to what has been written the following fragmentary items of their history are recorded.

John Smith, Junior, married Fannie Cochran, daughter of the late John Cochran, near Marvin, and settled on the place now in possession of John Young, a great-grandson of John Smith, Senior, near Edray.

He afterwards moved to Reine County, and lived at the three forks of Reedy. He was a Union sympathizer, and was arrested by the Confederate military as such; but when it was ascertained that he was not a dangerous person, he was paroled on his honor, but died on his return home.

Andrew Smith's wife was Nancy Cackley, daughter of Levi Cackley, on Stamping Creek. After settling and living for a time at the old Stony Creek homestead, he moved to the State of Missouri.

Elizabeth Smith became Mrs. Jacob Drennan. After living some years in Braxton County, they moved to Nicholas County, and located on Peter's Creek, fourteen miles west of Summersville, where members of their family yet reside.

Ann Smith was married to Captain William Young, and lived many years on the place near Hamlin Chapel now in possession of George C. Moore. She was a person of great industry, fine mental endowments, and a model homemaker, and intelligently, sincerely pious. The writer remembers her and members of her family as cherished friends. Late in life she went west and died but a few years since at a very advanced age in the State of Iowa. The first wife of Captain James M. McNeill was one of her daughters. The late Colonel Samuel Young was her eldest son. Adam Young was another son. The only survivors of her family now in Pocahontas are her grandsons, John Young and Adam Young and their children.

Rebecca Smith was married to John Auldridge, and lived on Laurel Creek, a few miles from the old home-

stead, farther west. These worthy people reared an interesting and exemplary family, of whom special mention is made in the Auldridge memoirs.

Mrs Rebecca Auldridge died in 1899, over ninety years of age. Her last years were spent with her daughter, Mrs Nancy Newcomer, in the town of Roncerverte, and was hale and hearty up to the time of her death from extreme old age. Her late home was but a step or two from the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway on one side, and the other is at the edge of the Saint Lawrence boom, whence the logs are floated to the mills by the million. How different the surroundings of her youth and early life from those of her old age. A more marked contrast can scarcely be imagined. There is scarcely an hour, day or night, free from the thundering of the trains, fast or slow, and Mrs Auldridge seemed to regard them no more than she once regarded the rustle of the falling leaves around the old Laurel Run homestead, sixty miles away from the iron road.

Hannah Smith became the wife of Richard Auldridge, a brother of John Auldridge just mentioned. After living some years at the Smith homestead, they went to Braxton County. and were happily situated on Wolf Creek at the opening of the late sad war between the States. Mr Auldridge sympathized with the Southern Confederacy, and was killed. Both sons were in the Southern army. John Auldridge fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Allen Auldridge survived the war, with an honorable record as a brave and faithful soldier. He sought a home in the State of Kansas,

taking his mother and sister with him. Mrs. Auldridge sleeps in her Kansas grave, while at last accounts her son and daughter are keeping house and doing well, as good dutiful children deserve.

Sally Smith was married to Robert Rodgers, and for some years lived in Buckeye Cove, near Swago. Afterwards they settled in Nicholas County, West Virginia, where Mrs. Rodgers still lives, far advanced in years.

Martha Smith became Mrs. Samuel Young. They lived for a few years on a section of the old homestead and finally moved to Logan County, Ohio, where their descendants mostly have their present homes, and enjoy the fruits of honest labor and judicious management.

Thus we have been able to lay before our readers some information in regard to these worthy persons and their two sons and six daughters. In their day their home was a place where the young people had good times, as good times went in the pioneer era. At log rollings, quiltings, wool picking, and flax pullings the youngsters met, fell in love, and did much of their courting. Sundays it would be preaching or all day prayer meetings, when it was not deemed right and proper to think and talk about anything but Heaven and heavenly things. The grandest social events would be the weddings, that occurred just as fast as the young folks thought themselves old enough to get married and go to themselves.

Mrs. Smith survived her husband a good many years, —and did her part well,—saw her children settled in life. When the time came, folded her busy hands

in rest and quietly went to sleep. It is a comforting reflection that here and there on the hillsides of our beautiful land are planted immortal sleepers—like the bodies of these worthy people—that will some day appear in all that is radiant and lovely. It is touching to reflect how widely apart are the graves of their children. Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and West Virginia have graves where members of this family are waiting for the coming of the Redeemer they learned to know and love in the old paternal home on Stony Creek.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

This sketch is designed to perpetuate the memory of an early citizen of our county, whose influence was on the side of morality and education.

Samuel Young, ancestor of the Youngs of Pocahontas, was a native of London. He came to America about 1756, leaving his parents, John and Amy Young, in England, and settled in Madison County, Virginia. He afterwards lived some years on Knapps Creek, Pocahontas County. He entered lands, and then sold much of it to settlers for ginseng, deer skins, and furs. This produce he took away to Winchester or Fredericksburg, and exchanged for merchandise, which he bartered or peddled, and thus acquired considerable wealth. When he became quite old, he visited his son Charles, in Kentucky, and never returned.

John Young, one of his sons, was born in Madison

County, February 18, 1761. He volunteered in the war of the Revolution, served his term of enlistment, and then was drafted into the service.

About 1803 or 1804, he came to Anthony Creek, in Greenbrier, and remained a few years. In the meantime he inherited considerable land on Swago Creek. In 1809 he settled on Swago and opened up the "Young Place," that commands such a beautiful prospect from the sides of Rich Mountain.

John Young was married twice. His first wife was Sarah Rogers, and during her life he lived in Madison County. The names of her children were James, Elizabeth, John, Jane, Samuel, and William. She died July 6, 1806, leaving her youngest child William aged four years.

John Young married Margaret Rogers, on Anthonys Creek, in 1804. The names of her children were Sarah Ann, Martha, and Andrew.

Her daughter, Mrs Martha Adkinson, was living in 1894, on the "Young Place," in her 78th year, and the only survivor of one of the original pioneer families of our county. She had been blind for seven years, with cataract, and most of her time was busily occupied in knitting.

John Young died July 5, 1843, aged 82 years, 4 months, and 18 days. Captain William Young was born in Madison County, May 1798, and was about 5 years old when his father moved to this region. His youth was spent on the sides of Rich Mountain. His first teachers were William Aldridge, Squire John McNeill, and William McNeill. The school house was

on Rush Run, a mile or so from its confluence with Swago Creek. In early manhood he entered John McNulty's school, at the McNulty Place, near Marvin Chapel. From this teacher he learned surveying, which qualified him for the office he held for a number of years. The text book used by Captain Young in the study of surveying is yet in the possession of Capt. William Cochran's family, whose first wife was Capt. Young's sister Elizabeth. On its well filled title page appears the following:

GEODÆSIA, or the Art of Surveying and Measuring of Land made easy; showing by plain and Practical Rules how to survey. Moreover, A more sure and facile Way of Surveying by the Chain than has hitherto been taught. As also how to lay out New Lands in America or elsewhere, with Several other Things never yet Published in our

Language.

By JOHN LOVE,

The Seventh Edition,

London, 1760.

In the address to the reader, the author says: What would be more ridiculous than for me to praise an art that all mankind know they can not live peaceably without. It is near hand as ancient (no doubt on't) as the world. For how could men set down to plant without knowing some distinction and boundary of their land. But (necessity being the mother of invention) we find the Egyptians, by reason of the Nile's overflowing—which either washed away all their bound marks, or covered them over with mud, brought this measuring of land first into an art, and honoured much

the professors of it. The great usefulness, as well as the pleasant and delightful study and wholesome exercise of which tempted so many to apply themselves thereto, that at length in Egypt, as in the Bermudas, every rustic could measure his own land.

On a fly leaf is this, in the handwriting of the young student, now in the 20th year of his age:

William Young, his book. Bought of
Mr John McNulty, price six shillings.
Aprile 16th, 1818, on Thursday.

Previously to him the following persons seemed to have owned the book:

Israel Hollowell, May 9, 1775
John Goodrich, February 13, 1794
Joseph Fisherton, January 30, 1795
George Harrison, February 13, 1805
Joseph McNulty.

This copy was bound in very substantial calf skin, and when it became worn on the back edges by sixty years service in so many hands, it was repaired by a wide strip of dressed deer skin, sewed on by waxed threads such as shoemakers use.

His tuition for two months was nine shillings, (\$1.50) —seventy-five cents per month. Having learned surveying with Mr McNulty Captain Young taught school a few months, and then repaired to Lewisburg, West Virginia, where he studied grammer, taught by Dr McElhenney, as a specialty, according to old Green-leaf of bitter memory to grammar students of that

period. One study at a time, was the rule then. People have learned differently since. Upon his return from Lewisburg, Mr Young opened a school on Stony Creek, in the school house near George Baxters. His first grammar scholar was Samuel Waugh, brother of the late Rev John Waugh of revered memory. The school was taught by on the open or vocal plan, and Samuel Waugh did not object to the noise. Captain Young seems to have had the monopoly of grammar teaching on Stony Creek for many years.

Having completed his education, so advanced for his day, and under so many difficulties, his thoughts turned to settling himself in life. He was happily married to Miss Ann Smith, and built up a home on Stony Creek, and reared up a highly respectable family of sons and daughters.

He was the captain of the Stony Creek Company, Justice of the Peace, and was the second Surveyor of Pocahontas County, successor to Sampson Mathews.

He was a very quiet, exemplary person in youth, but did not unite with any church until somewhat advanced in life, when he became a member of the Methodist church.

He died of consumption, November 24, 1848, and his grave is in the Duffield grave yard, marked by a lettered stone. His widow and most of the children went west. Mrs Young was a person of uncommon force of character, and was much esteemed for her many virtues. She died in her far western home, 8th of May, 1891, aged 90 years.

Adam Young, one of the sons, married Susan Gay,

and their two sons, John and Adam, are about all of Captain Young's descendants—of his name—in the county, with whose history he was so prominently identified for so many years.

Colonel Samuel Young, whose memory was recently honored by a large outpouring of the citizens at the Sulphur Spring, Sunday, May 3, 1894,—according to an appointment made forty years before, that if alive, he would meet them there that day—was his second son. He was a local preacher, and afterwards an officer in the Union army. He did not live to meet his unique appointment, and among those who assembled forty years after, there were eleven who were present at the original meeting, which was a preaching service in the open air, a large rock serving for a pulpit.

ADAM CURRY.

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Virginia, was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America, and resided several years near Manasses Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, and was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington.

Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of

his property and moved to Augusta County, locating in the Back Creek valley on property now owned by William Crummett in southwest Highland. He settled in the woods and raised a large family of sons and daughters. He was honest in his dealings, and was held in much esteem for his high sense of honor and patriotic impulses. It seems almost too strange to be believed that he would not accept a pension, offered him for his services as a brave and faithful officer in the Revolutionary struggle. He always declared that the service was its own reward. Instead of being a hardship, military service was the greatest pleasure of his life. He desired no better recompense than the fun he had, and the pleasure it gave him to see liberty secured for his invaded country. He was proverbially neat in dress and polished in his manners. To the close of his life, some forty or fifty years ago, he dressed in the colonial style—knee breeches, long stockings, and shoes with silver buckles.

He retained his habits of court life as to diet and sleeping as long as he lived. He died at the age of one hundred and five years, with but few signs of decrepitude visible. To the last he was erect as a young grenadier, cheerful in spirit, and mental faculties active apparently as ever. His remains are in the Matheny grave yard, near the Rehobeth Church, in the Back Valley, a few miles from his home.

A European traveler spent some time near Manasses, where Captain Curry lived before his removal to Highland. He speaks of meeting a party of gentlemen on a tavern porch: "No people could exceed these peo-

ple in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, 'This man has a double claim to our attention, for he is a stranger in the place.' In a moment there was room made for me to sit down, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come or whither I was going. A gentleman in every country is the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seemed to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character; no man was ever yet faultless; but whatever may be advanced against Virginians, their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth is abated—when reason asserts her empire—there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt of baseness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a Virginian."

Having lived for years in such society, we are prepared to believe all that has been written and told of Captain Adam Curry.

Late in the summer of 1861, some Confederate troops, commanded by Colonel William L. Jackson, were stationed at Huntersville, and used the Clerk's office for barracks. In the place of straw they scattered the office papers pell-mell on the floor and spread their blankets. It also became apparent the Federals

would soon enter the place, and so the court directed their clerk, William Curry, to look out a safe place for the county records.

In obedience to instructions, he secured the assistance of R. W. Hill, then a youth too young for military service, with a team. The clerk removed the records to Joel Hill's residence, near Hillsboro, where they remained until January, 1862. Deeming it necessary to seek a safer place, Mr Curry arranged for the transportation of the records to Covington, via Lewisburg, young R. W. Hill teamster. For a time quarters were had in the upper rooms of William Scott's store house, and afterwards for a few weeks room was furnished in the county clerk's office.

September, 1853, on General Averill's approach to Covington, Mr Curry carried the records to William T. Clark's, eight miles north of Covington, and for three weeks had them concealed in a rick of buckwheat straw. The buckwheat patch was in the midst of a forest and well hidden from view.

Matters became so threatening that arrangements were made to move them into the mountains, four miles east, to the residence of a Baptist minister, absent as a soldier in the Confederate army, leaving his home in the care of his wife and small girl as sole occupants. He was assisted in this removal to the lonely mountain refuge by Andy Daugherty, one of Mr Clark's colored men. Andy afterwards became a citizen of Pocahontas, and lived at Clover Lick. He deserves recognition for his fidelity, because for two years the safety of the records depended on his not

telling about them.

In June, 1865, after surrender at Appomattox, Mr Curry, assisted by John B. Kinnison, with a three horse team, carried the records back to Joel Hill's and in a month later placed them in a nearby house belonging to the Rev Mitchell D. Dunlap, where they remained until September, 1865. The first court after the war was held at Hillsboro, November, 1865, in the Methodist church; and from that time the records were kept in the old Academy building until June, 1866, when they were returned to Huntersville and placed in the residence of John Garvey, near the court house, and then after a few months were replaced in the office. Something more than five years intervened between the first removal and the final return of the records, and notwithstanding the risks encountered and the vicissitudes of war times, nothing was lost but an old process book of no intrinsic importance. This loss is believed to have occurred while the office was in use as Confederate barracks.

So far as known there is no other like instance of fidelity to official duty that surpasses the preservation of the Pocahontas County records. There were ten removals in all, from first to last, and when returned six months were spent in assorting and replacing the papers.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

For the past seventy-five or eighty years the McLaughlin name has been a familiar one among our peo-

ple. For this reason the relationship so long identified with our county history deserves special mention there for. This relationship will be considered in groups as it is so numerous and widely distributed and derived from a varied though related ancestry.

John McLaughlin, the ancestor of several Pocahontas families of that name, was a native of Ireland, and settled on Jackson's River, seven or eight miles below Monterey, and was one of the pioneer settlers of that vicinity previous to the Revolution. The lands he settled were lately in possession of his son, John McLaughlin, Jr.

His family consisted of six sons and five daughters. In reference to these persons the following particulars have been mainly learned from Mrs Morgan Grimes, one of the descendants by the third or fourth remove.

Margaret became Mrs William Carpenter and lived on Deer Creek, near Greenbank; Nancy was married to John Carpenter and lived on Thomas Creek, near Dunmore, where Peter Carpenter now lives; Jane became Mrs Alexander Benson and settled in Illinois; Mary was married to John Beverage and lived on Straight Creek, near Monterey; Susan became Mrs Holcomb, and went to West Virginia; Abigail was married to Thomas Galford and lived near Dunmore on lands lately owned by J. H. Curry.

Major Daniel McLaughlin, upon his marriage with Mary Carpenter, settled on Deer Creek, opening lands now held by the Oliver Brothers. In reference to his family the following particulars are in hand:

His son, the late David McLaughlin, married Jane

Wanless, daughter of William Wanless, on Back Alleghany, and settled on lands lately occupied by his sons Joseph and James; Abigail became Mrs A. Jackson Moore on Back Alleghany; Mary Elizabeth was married to George Sutton and lived near Greenbank; John M. McLaughlin married Mary Jane Moore, daughter of W. D. Moore on Elk. John was a Confederate soldier, taken prisoner and died at Camp Chase, Ohio; Margaret Jane was married to Morgan Grimes, and lives near Mt. Zion in the Hills.

Major Daniel McLaughlin was much respected. He was a very hard working man and almost wore himself out clearing lands. He was a major of militia and was a fine looking officer on the parades that came off annually.

Hugh McLaughlin, of John, the Irish immigrant, married Sally Grimes, daughter of Arthur, of Felix, the pioneer. He lived near Huntersville on lands now owned by Dr Patterson and others. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs Mary Hogsett and Lieut. James Hickman McLaughlin, a Confederate officer who perished in the war, were his children. He was a popular and prominent citizen.

Samuel McLaughlin, another son of John, married a Miss Wright and lived on Jackson's River. There were two children. Mary Jane was married to Martin Sharp and lives on Little Back Creek, near Mt. Grove. H. P. McLaughlin married Alcinda Bird, daughter of the late George Bird, Valley Centre, Va. He lives on Brown Creek, near Huntersville. He was a Confederate soldier, 25th Virginia, Infantry.

Robert McLaughlin, another son of John the pioneer died in early manhood. He is reported to have been a young man of much promise.

James McLaughlin settled in Illinois soon after his marriage. His wife's name is not remembered. He was enthused by the gold excitement of 1849, and crossed the plains to California in search of wealth. He was in a measure successful. It may be said too, to his credit, he was not so very hard to satisfy, and so he returned to his family and settled in Missouri.

John McLaughlin, Junior, married Sally Hamilton, and spent his days at the homestead on Jacksons River. His children were Ewing, Ada, Sally, and Letcher.

John McLaughlin was widely known for his jovial ways and amusing expressions, and was also somewhat eccentric in his ideas. When about to be overcome by the infirmities of an advanced age, he pointed out a spot overlooking his dwelling that is well nigh inaccessible, and gave positive orders to have his body buried there. He seemed to abhor the idea of being trampled upon, and appeared to feel that his head would be secure from such indignity if he could have his grave in a spot almost impossible to reach, and so steep that erect posture would be impracticable. It was his boast that when he was alive he generally came out "on top," and so he seemed to wish to be on top when not alive.

His friends saw to it that his wishes should be complied with to the very letter. A more unique burial scene was never witnessed in that region. The pallbearers on their knees and holding to the bushes and

rocks with one hand and the coffin handles with the other, and the procession following on all fours, compose a scene the like of which may never be witnessed while the world stands. Here an illustration of the ruling passion strong in death.

The second group of McLaughlin relationship trace their ancestry to two brothers and two sisters of that name who settled in Pocahontas early in the century. How near the relationship is, the writer has not the requisite information. William and John McLaughlin and their sisters Jennie and Nancy are the persons remembered as the ancestry of the second group.

William McLaughlin married Nancy Wylie, head of Jacksons River, and settled on Thomas Creek, near Dunmore,—his lands now held by his sons Hugh and Robert. Mrs McLaughlin died a few years since at a very advanced age, of a cancerous affection. She is remembered as a faithful and devoted nurse of her sick neighbors, and her services were held in high appreciation in times when there was no physician convenient. She and her neighbor Elizabeth McCutchan were sisters of charity in the best sense of the word. Sheep saffron was their main dependance in cases of measles. They were fully posted in the virtues of herb remedies.

In reference to William McLaughlin's family, we have the following details: His daughter Jane was married to John Hiner, second wife, and lives on Jacksons River.

Rachel became Mrs Jacob Beverage, and lives on

the Old Field Fork of Elk.

Elizabeth married James Townsend, and lived on Back Alleghany, near Driftwood.

Hugh McLaughlin married Nancy Ratliff, and lives on a section of the Thomas Creek homestead. Their children are Mrs Mary Alice Brooks, Mrs Lena Deputy, William Andrew Gatewood, Jacob Renick Cassell, Brown Letcher, Minnie Belle (lately deceased), Annie, Charles, and Lola.

Robert McLaughlin was married twice, and lives on a section of the homestead. His first marriage was with Minta Rusmisell. Her children were Nebraska, Melissa, Lovie, Christopher, Catherine, Bertha, Lawrence, Cameron and Russell. The second marriage was with Lydia Rusmisell. Her children are Elmer, Joseph and Annie. These ladies were consins and were from near Moscow, Augusta County, Va.

Nancy McLaughlin, one of the ancestral sisters, became the wife of Jacob Cassell, senior, and lived on the Greenbrier at the Cassell Ford, four miles west of Greenbank.

Jennie McLaughlin, the other ancestral sister, was married to John Galford and lived near Glade Hill on property now owned by Frank Patterson.

John McLaughlin, one of the ancestral brothers, married Clarissa Gregory and settled on the place recently owned by the late Allan Galford, mouth of Deer Creek. Their children were John, James, Elizabeth and Nancy. Elizabeth was married to Harvey Ratcliffe and went to Roane county. Nancy became Mrs Henry Higgins and lived near Clover Lick; John

married Sydney Carpenter and settled on the homestead; James married a Miss Nottingham and migrated to the West.

Hugh McLaughlin was wounded during the war, and suffers yet from the effects. Jacob McLaughlin died in the war. He is remembered as one of the noblest young men that was sacrificed in the cruel war. His bravery and good moral character reflected great honor upon his country and kindred.

An interesting letter has been placed in our hands, from which we are permitted to extract such parts as may be desired. It was written at Camp Bunker Hill, Frederick County, Virginia, on the 1st of August, 1864, by Jacob C. McLaughlin to his cousin, Nannie McLaughlin, a sister of H. P. McLaughlin, and is the last he was ever known to write to her. He fell at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

The extracts illustrate what our young soldiers endured when true to their sense of duty to the cause. He speaks of his mind preoccupied with memories and thoughts of the passing summer's dreadful campaign: "It is lamentable to look upon, for when we started out this spring we had fifty men, now we have only fifteen. The rest have been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. I tell you it looks discouraging to fight under such circumstances; through through the mercies of God I have been one of the few that have been spared, which I feel very thankful for and the kind mercies bestowed on me."

"We have had a very hard time since we came to

the Valley. We had a fight at Lynchburg, at Liberty, and at Salem; and from there we did not follow old Hunter any farther. We then came to Lexington and Staunton and down the valley to Smithfield, and there we fought them again, and at Harpers Ferry; and from there we crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and fought them at Middletown, and the next day at Frederick City. And from there we went on to within sight of Washington City, and there we fought them two days. And when we retreated from there we had to fight them on our rear all the time until we crossed the Shenandoah River, and there we stopped and gave them a good whipping; and then came up to Winchester, and they whipped our division and then we went on up the valley to Strasburg and assembled all our forces together and marched back on them at Kernstown, three miles above Winchester, and gave them a whipping that has cooled them down a good deal. They had a large force—some 20,000—and we ran them back across the river into Maryland. Since that they have been more quiet, and we returned from the Potomac up to Bunker Hill, and there is no sign of them crossing the river after us, as yet. I am in hopes they may rest awhile, for the troops are very much exhausted from their fatiguing marches, for we have been marching and fighting since the 4th day of May, and I think that is long enough to give us some rest.

“I am sorry to inform you that both of your brothers are taken prisoners, and the whole 25th Regiment, excepting about fourteen, has been taken. Though we must expect to bear with many troubles in a war like this, you all ought to be thankful that they are prisoners, instead of being killed, as there have so many poor soldiers fallen this summer. I think a prisoner now is much better off than we poor men that have to march and fight so much. At least I know they are in less danger.

“You must excuse me for not writing to you more frequent, though I have written to you once before since I got any letter from you. I would have written oftener, only it has been out of my power to do so, on account of our not stopping long enough for me to write—and we have had no conveyance for our letters half the time we have been here. Write soon and give me all the news, and think of the many pleasures that have been, and look forward that which is to come.

Yours with much love and due respect,
JACOB C. McLAUGHLIN.

HUGH McLAUGHLIN.

The third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton. His early life was spent in part on Jacksons River, Bath County. His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Senior, and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when they were young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jacksons River, built a cabin and went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept separate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their

cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease, early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek, and opened up lands now held by his son George H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters: William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rowan, and lived on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rowan was one of the builders of the Marlinton bridge. He was a Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refugeeed from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, and with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horse back.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible near Greenbank. In this family were two sons and two daughters. Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas. Alice married Dennis W. Dever and they live near Frost. Mitchel D. McLaughlin married Emma K. Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children. Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and

lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John C. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro, he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the clerk's office, and was an expert business man much respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhamah Wiley; first lived near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier. Their children are John, Edward, William, Clarence, Fred, Fannie, Mary, and Edith.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizabeth Gum (nee Lightner), of Highland. There were two sons by this marriage.

Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travelers Repose.

Andrew M. McLaughlin married Mary Price, and now resides near Lewisburg. He is a prosperous grazier and farmer, and a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He was a Confederate soldier.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlins Bottom, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent citizen—a member of the county court, a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one

of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see anything worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused to license saloon keepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court, as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii-16.

His conscience was touched, and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing anything to license vice and the giving of drink to neighbors, and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed with what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline—the "old suckers" were all going to the bone yard so fast, and he saw if "new suckers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever

brought in, and that if he would come around he would give him a treat. The saloonist observed that after three or four drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling.

Squire McLaughlin's services as a member of the court for eighteen years were of much use, and along with John Gay, Paul McNeel, and Isaac Moore—being themselves large tax payers—public affairs were managed on a judicious scale, and money, as a general thing, was laid out where the prospect seemed for the greatest good to the greatest number.

While these persons, and others like minded, were on the bench, the attorneys from a distance were in the habit of saying that the Pocahontas court was so hide bound and disagreeable that it was no use to try to do anything with it, or to make anything out of it at the expense of the people. Moreover, they complained the court kept the county too dry by refusing saloon privileges. Reasons for such objections to the Pocahontas county court we most devoutly hope may never cease to exist.

JOSEPH VARNER.

The ancestor of the Varner relationship in our county was Joseph Varner. He came from Pendleton county very early in the century and settled on the Crooked Branch of Elk, on property now in possession of William A. McAllister. Mr Varner's parents, it is be-

lied, came from Germany to Pennsylvania, thence to Pendleton, among the earliest settlers of that county. The given names of these parents seemed to have been forgotten. The father lived to the age of 112 years and died in Pendleton. The widowed mother came to live with her son Joseph, on Elk, and died there, and her remains were buried near the home. Her reputed age was 114 years, the oldest person that ever lived in this region.

Joseph Varner's wife was Susan Herold, sister of Christopher Herold. They were the parents of four sons: John, Adam, Eli and Samuel. Their daughters were Elizabeth, Alice, Susan and Amanda. The Varner sisters seemed to have been ladies by nature, and were remarkable for their beauty, spriteliness, attractive manners and tidy housekeeping.

Elizabeth became Mrs John Holden, and lived many years at Huntersville. During the war the family refugeed to Rockbridge and never returned. She died near Lexington and is buried there in the cemetary not far from the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

Alice Varner was married to Hiram Scott, for years a well known and highlyrespected merchant at Frankford. Mrs Captain Dolan, at Hinton, is her daughter.

Susan Varner became Mrs Thomas Call, for many years a tailor at Huntersville. Her family finally went to Missouri.

Amanda, when about fourteen years of age, was sitting on a rock just in front of her cabin home one Sabbath evening reading her testament. The button-pole of the roof fell upon her, killing her instantly.

The stone is still to be seen where this mournful event occurred. She is spoken of by the older people as such a beautiful girl, and so dutiful to her parents, and so capable and helpful in domestic affairs. She had been to Sunday school and prayer meeting in the morning.

In reference to Joseph Varner's sons we note the following particulars:

Adam married Caroline, daughter of William Gibson, Sr., so many years a merchant at Huntersville, and settled in Lewis county.

Samuel Varner was a merchant tailor, a business he learned of John Holden at Huntersville. He settled at Frankford.

Eli Varner was never married. He excelled as a mower. One season while mowing at his uncle's, Christopher Herold, on Douthard's Creek, a serious accident happened him. While grinding a scythe it was struck by the crank, and, turning in his hand, came near severing it at the wrist. The flow of blood was alarming, and it seemed that he would bleed to death in spite of all that was done to check the bleeding. Mrs Katie Herold, Peter Herold's wife, gets the credit of saving his life by checking the flow of blood with the use of certain words as a charm. It is believed the words are found in Ezekial xvi, 6. "And when I passed by thee and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live! Yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live!"

John Varner married Isabella Hannah, daughter of

David Hannah, a soldier of the war of 1812, and an early settler on Elk. They began in the woods and built up a prosperous home at Split Rock. There were five sons, David, John, Samuel, William and Benjamin. The five daughters were Margaret, who became Mrs Clinton Slanker; Mary, who was Mrs Robert Wilson, near Lexington; Virginia Susan, now Mrs William Snyder, of Iowa; Alice, Mrs John Stewart, Valley head; Jennie became Mrs Hamilton Snyder, Taylor county, Iowa.

Samuel married Ann Showalter, of Rockbridge, and lives near Linnwood; William married Mary Gibson, of William Gibson, and lives at the Gibson homestead; Benjamin married Ella Moore, daughter of Washington Moore, and lives in Iowa; John married Mary Moore, daughter of Washington Moore and lives near the homestead.

David Varner, the eldest of John Varner's sons, is remembered and spoken of by all who knew him as a very amiable and interesting young man. He died in the battle of the Wilderness, in May, at the time the Confederate lines were broken and General Edward Jonnson's command mainly taken prisoners of war. David Varner was in his place at the front with his face to the foe. He received the fatal shot near his heart, moved a little distance and fell upon his face and was dead before a comrade could reach him. In one of his letters to his sister, Mrs Slanker, he wrote in such a way as impress the idea that he had premonitions of the sad fate which awaited him. It was his earnest wish that if should fall, to be brought home and

buried. Search was made for the body, but it could not be identified. The field had been burned over about the time he had fallen and destroyed all traces of identity.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs Elizabeth Holden at Lexington, some years after the War. Her emotions overpowered her when she endeavored to tell me what had taken place since we last met in her pleasant home in Huntersville in 1861. I was told by others that she was one of the most regular attendants upon public worship and did more than her part in the benevolent work of the congregation, considering her broken health and reverses. She plied her needle with such industry that she lived nicely and had something to spare. It greatly pleased the writer to hear it remarked, "You must have good people in Pocahontas if Mrs Holden and —— are fair specimens." What can be more worthy of aspiration than to be a credit to the people among whom we happen to be reared. To be a credit to our families, our religion and our county is the highest aim that can stimulate true and useful endeavor.

WILLIAM SHARP.

It appears from such information as the compiler has been able to obtain, that this person was the pioneer settler of the Huntersville vicinity, and was the first to open up a permanent residence. Traces of the building he erected are yet visible near the new road around

the mountain, a few rods from where the mountain road leaves the Dunmore and Huntersville road. Mr Sharp located here about 1773, and saw service as a scout and a soldier. It is believed he came here from Augusta County, and probably lived in the vicinity of Staunton. His wife's name was Mary Meeks. She was a very amiable person, lived to a great age, and died at the home of her son, James Sharp, many years ago. In reference to their sons and daughter the following particulars have come to hand.

Nancy Sharp was married to Levi Moore, Junior.

Margaret Sharp was married to John Kelley and lived on Michels Mountain. Her children were William, John, Anthony, Nancy, Polly, Rachel, Jennie, and Margaret.

Nancy Kelley was married to Robert Sharp, son of James Sharp on Thorny Creek, and went to Iowa.

John Kelley was a Union soldier, and died on the Kanawha during the war.

Rachel Sharp, daughter of William Sharp, was married to Jonathan Griffin, and lived near the head of Stony Creek, on the farm now owned by Levi Gay. Her children were Abraham, Benoni, Jonathan, and Mrs Charles Ruckman.

Mary Sharp became the wife of Arthur Grimes, and settled in The Hills overlooking the head of Knapps Creek. In the Grimes memoirs special mention was made of all her children except one, Sally Grimes. She became the wife of the late Hugh McLaughlin, and lived near Huntersville, at the Bridge. One of her sons was Lieutenant James Hickman McLaughlin,

who died in Winchester of a wound, during the war in 1864. He was on picket at the Rapidan River. He was of a very jovial disposition, and was joking the federal pickets and having his fun with them. By way of sport he stuck out his foot and in an instant his ankle was shattered by a minnie ball. He was taken to Winchester and was doing well, until one day the hospital was thronged with ladies bringing all sorts of nice things for the wounded soldiers. The Lieutenant indulged too freely for the good of his health, and died a victim of well meant sympathy and kindness. He was one of the few Confederates killed by kindness.

John Sharp, a son of William Sharp, upon his marriage with Sarah McCollam, settled on the farm near Verdant Valley, now occupied by his grandson, John Wesley Irvine.

William Sharp, Junior, was another son of the Huntersville pioneer; and settled Verdant Valley, and a numerous posterity is descended from them. Their children were James, William, Alexander, Jacob, Paul, John, Elizabeth, Jane, Mary, Rebecca, Anna, Ellen, Nancy, and Martha. He and his resolute young wife, Elizabeth Waddell, settled in the woods and built up a fine estate out of a forest noted for the tremendous size of its walnut, redoak, and sugar maple trees, and reared a worthy family highly respected for their industry and good citizenship.

James Sharp, late of Beaver Creek, was another of the sons of William Sharp, Senior. His wife was Ann Waddell, sister of Mrs William Sharp just mentioned. He opened up a home on Cummings Creek, a part of

the Huntersville homestead. The property was recently owned by the late Joseph C. Loury. Upon disposing of his property to William Cackley, Mr Sharp located on Beaver Creek, on property known as the James Sharp place. He opened up an extensive area, and prospered in worldly affairs and reared a worthy family. The names of his children were Mary, Rebecca, Margaret, Martha, Nancy, Ann, Rachel, Lucinda, William, Andrew, and James.

Mary was married to William Pyles.

Rebecca became Mrs James Lewis, and lived in the Levels. Mrs Ann Clark, at Hillsboro, is a daughter of Mrs Lewis. Mrs R. C. Shrader and the late Mrs Davis Kinnison are her daughters also.

Margaret Sharp was married to Jacob Civey, on Anthonys Creek. Martha Sharp was also married to a Mr Civey of the same locality. Nancy Sharp was married to Robert Ryder, and lived on Anthonys Creek.

Ann Sharp was married to Levi Cackley, Junior.

Rachel Sharp became Mrs Robert Gay, and lived on Beaver Creek at Beaver Creek Mills, lately in possession of Wallace Beard. Hamilton B. Gay, upper Elk; Sam Gay, Williams River, and Mrs William Jordan, on Elk, are her children. Lucinda Sharp was married to Jonathan Jordan, near Hillsboro; William married Susan, daughter of Solomon Bussard and settled in the West; Andrew married a Miss Bussard; James Sharp married Mary Byrnsides, on the Greenbrier east of Hillsboro, and settled at the old homestead. He died during the war, and Mrs Sharp went to Missouri where

some of her family now reside. Mrs Hanson McLaughlin, of Odessa, is her daughter.

James Sharp was a member of the court under the old arrangement, was high sheriff of the county, a conscientious member of the Presbyterian church, and was held in high esteem for his patriotism and strict, scrupulous integrity. The members of the court had much confidence in his judgment and he had great influence in framing decisions. He was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at his first home on Cummings Creek he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times, when the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed his trail to his house and killed a yearling calf. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since. Nine panthers, but they were good panthers now; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears that there were seasons when these animals went in packs of fifteen or twenty, and this happened to be one of the times.

JAMES WAUGH, JR.

It is proposed in this chapter to give some particulars illustrating the family history of James Waugh, Jr. He was the eldest son of James Waugh, the Scotch-Irish emigrant, who was among the first to open land and build a home in The Hills. In these memoirs he will be spoken of as James Waugh the second. Early in life he married Rebecca McGuire, from Pennsylvania, whose name indicates Scotch ancestry, and settled on the Greenbrier where James Waugh the 3rd recently lived. In reference to his family we learn that Rachel was married to Frederick Fleming, Elizabeth was married to John Ratliffe and lived on Clover Creek; Nancy became Mrs Abraham Griffin and lived many years on Buckley Mountain, a few miles east of Buckeye. Mrs Claiborne McNeil, near Buckeye, is her daughter.

Jacob Waugh married Mary Brown daughter of Josiah Brown, near Indian Draft, and spent most of his married life in Upshur county. They were the parents of fifteen children. Only five lived to be grown. Jacob Waugh was a local Methodist minister of prominence. He was a very fine pensman and became clerk of the Upshur County Court, and occupied that responsible position for many years, and will be remembered as one of the best citizens in the history of Upshur county affairs.

James Waugh, the third of that name, married Sally Cochran, daughter of John Cochran, eldest of Thomas

Cochran, the progenitor of the Cochran relationship in Pocahontas county. He settled on the Greenbrier at the old homestead. His second wife was Hannah Lamb, from Highland County. In the sketch of Pocahontas County given in Hardesty's Encyclopedia the reader will find biographic details of James Waugh's personal history.

Morgan Waugh went to Kanawha County.

Allen Waugh went to Missouri and settled there.

Isabella Waugh became the wife of John Brock and settled in Kanawha County.

Marcus, the youngest son of James Waugh, married Susan Johnson, and settled on a farm adjoining the Waugh homestead higher up the river, a few miles east of Poages Lane.

Lorenza Waugh, a son of James the second, became a distinguished evangelist. From his autobiography, published in San Francisco, copies of which are in the possession of his friends in Pocahontas, we learn that he was born in 1808, at the home on the Greenbrier where his earlier years were spent. At the age of sixteen he was a teacher in Harrison County. He was a teacher in Mason County in 1831, entered the Methodist ministry in that year, and was junior preacher on the Guyandotte circuit. In 1833 he rode the Nicholas County circuit, and was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1834. In 1835 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. On one of his Missouri circuits he met Miss Clarissa Jane Edsell, and they were married. It seems he first lost his heart in The Hills, but time makes up for such losses.

In 1837 Lererza Waugh was an Indian missionary to the Shawnee nation. In 1840 he rode the Platte River circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848 he entered the Illinois Conference. In 1851 with his family he crossed the plains and settled in the Petaluma Valley, in California, where he resided until his death, in 1900.

SAMUEL WAUGH.

This paper is devoted to the memory of Samuel Waugh, one of the early settlers of The Hills, seven or eight miles north east of Huntersville. He was a son of James Waugh, Senior. His wife's name was Mary. This pioneer husband and wife opened up their home about 1774, on the place now held by John Shrader, one of their descendants by the third remove. Samuel Waugh, upon his marriage with Ann McGuire, settled at the old Waugh homestead. Their family consisted of nine sons and five daughters. Concerning these children the following fragmentary particulars have been collected.

Elizabeth Waugh was married to Caleb Knapp, and first settled in Greenbrier County. They afterwards lived awhile on Knapps Creek; thence settled on the Greenbrier, known as the Knapp place, where McCoy Malcomb now resides. Her daughter, Ann Knapp, was married to Richard B. Weir, and lives near Verdant Valley. Nancy Knapp married Henry Shrader; lived several years in Huntersville, where Mr Shrader operated a tannery, and finally settled on the Waugh

homestead. Mary Shrader, her daughter, was married to the late William Fertig of Huntersville, lived some years on Anthonys Creek, and now lives near Dilleys Mill. Mr Fertig was a saddler by trade, then a merchant, was a member of the Pocahontas court, and upon his removal to Greenbrier devoted his time to farming. B. Franklin Shrader died in the war. R. C. Shrader lives on part of the Waugh homestead, and runs a farm and tannery successfully. His wife is a daughter of the late James Lewis of the Levels. John Shrader lives at the original homestead as mentioned. His wife was a daughter of Nicholas Stulting.

Jacob Shrader married a daughter of David Kincaid in Highland County, and lives near Dilleys Mill. Luther Shrader married a sister of Jacob's wife, and lived in Greenbrier. Ellen Susan Shrader became the wife of Oscar Sharp, a local Methodist minister, and lives at Frost. The names of the other members of the Shrader family are Enoch, William, Charles, and Margaret Ann.

Eleanor Knapp married Sampson Buzzard. Elizabeth Knapp married Peter Shrader. Margaret Knapp married McCoy Malcomb: John and Thomas Malcomb are her sons. Mrs W. B. Johnson is her daughter.

R. W. Knapp lived in Tucker County. A. J. Knapp went to Missouri.

Rebecca Waugh married Andrew Moore, and for some years lived near Frost, then at the head of Stony Creek, and finally her family moved to Jackson county.

Rev John Waugh married Martha Moore, and settled on the Indian Draft, near Edray, where his son

John Waugh now lives. His son Samuel died in youth, and was preparing for the ministry. Levi Waugh, a Confederate veteran; Beverly Waugh, a Union veteran; and John Waugh, lately deputy sheriff of Pocahontas County, are his sons. Mrs Ewing Johnson, near Marlinton, and Mrs Richard Mayse, of Blue Ridge Springs, Va., are his daughters.

The Rev John Waugh is worthy of remembrance for many reasons. He was a skillful worker in metals. His specialty seemed to be the manufacture of hoes, one of the most useful of implements in his time when with many persons it was the main reliance in cultivating a crop and working a garden. He excelled also in tempering axes—another implement of precious value and essential use in preparing the land for cultivation. He taught school, and preferred the vocal method, when all the pupils could con their lessons audibly as well as recite them. He studiously improved his limited opportunities for mental improvement, and became a well informed intelligent citizen, and had his own well matured opinions about questions of public interest. He was for many years a prominent member of his church and a local preacher that seemed to have but little regard for what persons might say about his discourse. He had a parable about throwing stones in the dark at certain things, and if there was an outcry he knew that something was hit. He died a few years ago, apparently in the full possession of his faculties, at a very advanced age.

Samuel Waugh, Junior, moved to Missouri in early manhood, and there—upon his marriage with a Mis-

souri lady, Mary Canterbury—he settled and we are favored with no further particulars.

Robert Waugh, remembered as a very bright and interesting young man, devoted himself to school-teaching. From exposure on damp ground he contracted a rheumatic affection that disabled him for manual labor. He was held in high reputation as a teacher, and some of his scholars yet speak of him with affection after a lapse of fifty years or more.

Robert Waugh seems to have been gifted with fine oratorical powers, for some of the older people tell me that they have never heard anything that could beat Robert Waugh speaking when he got warmed up on any subject. He died comparatively young at the old homestead, and never lived to realize his hopes and ambitions in this life. In his lonely grave amid the Hills a tongue is silent that may have enraptured listening audiences and secured for Robert an illustrious name.

William Waugh, another of Samuel Waugh's nine sons; married Martha, daughter of Josiah Brown, near Indian Draft. They were the parents of ten children. Upon leaving this place Mr Waugh settled in Upshur County, thence he went to Iowa, and afterwards to Missouri, where Mrs Waugh died many years ago. In 1894 Mr Waugh was struck by a passing train, not far from his home in Missouri, and died in forty minutes from the shock.

Alexander Waugh married Annie Cochran, of the Levels, and settled in Nicholas County.

Arthur Waugh, another of the nine sons, went in

early manhood to Kanawha, where he married Henrietta Boswell and settled.

Jacob Waugh married Sarah Ann Gay, youngest daughter of the late Samuel M. Gay, near Marlinton, and first lived at the Waugh homestead. Then he moved to Barbour County, and finally returned to Pocahontas and took charge of the Duffield mill, near Edray, where he died a few years since. This mill is now operated by his son, S. D. Waugh.

Beverly Waugh, the last to be mentioned of this remarkable list of sons of Samuel Waugh, married Martha Bradshaw, daughter of William Bradshaw, on Browns Creek. He lived many years on the place now occupied by Robert Shrader. He then moved to the Levels. Mrs Kenney Wade (first wife) and John E. Waugh were his children.

Mr Beverly Waugh was an estimable man. He led the Mount Zion class for sixteen years, and yielded the position to the regret of his christian brethren when it became necessary to change homes. He died of a cancerous affection but a few years since, and bore his dreadful sufferings with becoming resignation. He left an honorable reputation as a gentleman and a christian.

In reference to Samuel Waugh's other three daughters, we are able to furnish but the few particulars herewith given. Margaret Waugh was married to Samuel Martin, and lived first in Upshur County, and then moved to Iowa. Mary Ann Waugh became Mrs Reuben Buzzard and lived near Glade Hill a few years. Afterwards Mr Buzzard purchased Dilleys Mill, and lived there a considerable while, and finally

emigrated to the far west.

Truly, our attention has been given to a family group whose history is suggestive and instructive. Samuel Waugh and Ann McGuire, his wife, imbued with the faith and energy so peculiar to the genuine Scotch-Irish, endured all that is implied in rearing a family of fourteen sons and daughters, and all living to be adults. The sons all lived to be grown, and not one was ever known to use tobacco or ardent spirits in any form. This seems scarcely credible, yet it is asserted to be a pleasing truth. Samuel Waugh was one of the original members of the old Mount Zion Church—one of the strongholds of its denomination for so many years. His history shows that in the face of pioneer hindrances and privations sons and daughters may be reared that may faithfully serve God and support their country in their day and generation.

JOSIAH BEARD.

So far as we have authentic information, the Beard relationship trace their ancestry to John Beard, the pioneer of Renicks Valley, Greenbrier County. He was of Scotch-Irish antecedents, his parents having migrated from the north of Ireland. While a young man he had his parental home in Augusta County, in the bounds of John Craig's congregation, and no doubt helped to build the old Stone Church and the forts spoken of elsewhere, and may have heard the very sermons Craig preached, opposing the people who were thinking of going back to Pennsylvania or over

the Blue Ridge towards Williamsburg.

His valley home was in the vicinity of New Hope, and after attaining his majority he came to Greenbrier County, and commenced keeping bachelor's hall at the head of Renicks Valley, on lands now occupied by Abram Beard, a grandson. This was about 1770, and though unmarried, John Beard secured land, built a cabin, and cleared ground for cropping.

While living in this isolated manner, some Indians came along and liberally helped themselves to whatever they could find in the way of something to eat; and when they went on their way took the pioneer's gun, dog, and only horse.

It so occurred that Mr Beard was absent that day. It is thought he had gone over to Sinking Creek on a social visit to the Wallace family, old neighbors in Augusta, and whose coming to Greenbrier possibly had its influence with the young bachelor.

When young Beard returned and saw what liberties his visitors had taken in his absence, he looked up the trail and started in pursuit. Upon following the sign for some miles in the direction of Spring Creek, he heard the horse's bell. Guided by the sound he came upon two Indians in camp. They seemed to be very sick, and Mr Beard supposed it was from over eating raw bacon and johnny cake they had taken from his own larder. One appeared to be convulsed with paroxysms of nausea; the other was lying before the fire vigorously rubbing his belly with a piece of bacon, on homeopathic principles that like cures like.

Seeing his own gun near a tree and his own dog ly-

ing by it, he crawled near to get the gun, but the dog fiercely growled, and he was forced to withdraw quietly as he came, and leave the two sick Indians unmolested. He thereupon went to his horse, silenced the bell and succeeded in getting the animal away.

About this time, or soon after, Mr Beard seemed to realize there was nothing in single blessedness for him and he and Miss Janet Wallace were married by taking a trip to Staunton and making their wishes known to the rector of the imperial parish that extended from the the Blue Ridge to the Pacific ocean. In their pioneer home in Renicks Valley they reared a numerous family of sons and daughters, one of the sons being Josiah Beard, lately of Locust Creek. This paper will be mainly for the illustration of his personal and family history, as his name appears so prominently in our county history. Mr Beard was the first Clerk of the County after its organization and served in that capacity during the formative period of the county's history.

His wife, Rachel Cameron Poage, was the eldest daughter of Major William Poage, of Marlins Bottom. The names of their children are given in the paper relating to Jacob Warwick and his descendants.

He was an expert hunter, and found recreation in hunting deer upon the hills and ridges that make Huntersville scenery so picturesque. He killed scores of fine deer during his residence at the court house, and rarely went beyond the immediate vicinity in quest of game, unless it would be occasional visits to Marlins Bottom for a chase. It proved however that there were attractions to draw him there of a more pleasant

and romantic nature.

He seemed to have his own ideas as to how he could best promote the interests of the county, and would sometimes carry them out. While residing at Locust Creek he set out one morning to attend court. On the way near his home he discovered fresh wolf signs. He hastened back, got his gun and called up the dogs, and sent Aaron, a colored servant, who was also a skilful hunter and a dead shot, to beat the laurel brake and drive out the wolves. Quite a number were killed and the pack retreated from the neighborhood so far back into the mountains as to give no further trouble.

In the meantime, court met and adjourned owing to the absence of the clerk. That official however was present next morning and explained the reasons of his absence, believing it would do the people more good to have the wolves killed and scattered than to hold court that day. Court could meet most any time, but it was not every day that such a good chance to kill wolves could be had.

He was a stanch friend of education, and was one of the first trustees of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro, and one of its most faithful patrons and wise counselors. In business affairs he was successful, and in a quiet, judicious, industrious manner acquired a very extensive landed estate; the larger proportion of which is yet in the possession of his descendants.

His passion for hunting was strong to the last. Every fall he would get restless, and nothing but a hunt would quiet him. One of the last excursions to the mountains, though far advanced in age, he was the

only one that killed a deer. On his return he would chaff his younger associates by telling all he met on the way that the young men had taken him along to kill their meat for them.

He retained remarkable bodily vigor to the age of four score and over; and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Not many days before his final illness that closed his life, he felt it his duty to see the county surveyor on important business—as he believed it to be—and should be attended to without delay. He went from his home on Locust Creek to Mr Baxter's near Edray, about twenty miles distant, and returned—a cold, raw day it was, too. He overtaxed his endurance by the ride. He soon became sick, and peacefully passed from his long and useful life.

In his life was exemplified the highest type of the citizen—a pious, intelligent cultivator of the soil—the occupation for which the Creator saw fit in his wisdom to create the first man. It is the occupation now that feeds the world, and whatever hinders, depresses, or retards the farmers prosperity, threatens the worst evils that can befall our humanity.

DAVID JAMES.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in Lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution, and located for awhile near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the

Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine Place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life, and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered. His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John.

Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvin.

Martha was married to John Salisbury, and lived on Trump Run, and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England, who opened the Salisbury settlement on Trump Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years, and is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs John Cutlip, who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renicks. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha, and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kinnison and went to the west.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha, and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Tharp and went west.

The Tharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went west. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mouldboards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

Rebecca became Mrs Emanuel Barrett.

John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally went west. Their family consisted of three daughters and three sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William, and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border in 1897, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James family history. This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years, about the greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, by his second marriage with Nellie James, deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. He had for his mess mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John), and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Craney Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain, yet it is believed he served a tour under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran; in 1898, was the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He was 92 years of age November 2d of that year.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs Diddle of Monroe County, for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made. She was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, caused by the cancer, in October 1831.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Muster at Huntersville, in May, 1834. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were racing their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh.

William Gibson, merchant and hotel keeper at Huntersville was sent for. After some delay, means were

contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville, where they arrived after dark. Squire Gibson—though not a physician—took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for everybody, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnanimity his opponent confessed himself in the fault, and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

JOHN BURGESS.

Concurrently with the past century the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this family was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation, and settled near Albany, New York, where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelley, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelley, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess.

Mary Burgess married her cousin, James Young, and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk, Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse, and settled at Millpoint, now Pocahontas county. He was among the first baksmiths to strike sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the Civil War, and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison, the pioneer, and settled on lands now in possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the 18th century and early in 19th, many of the older hunters were supplied by him

with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of the late James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels about 1798. His first marriage was with Susan Casebolt and lived near Millpoint. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts, and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia during the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston Clarks beautiful resi-

dence. The Jordan Barn, near Hillsboro, was of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in Lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical stage of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering privation which caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Junior, son of John Burgess, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas family, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember, very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket which his son used in the service, and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus closes one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim

not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Haunah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. J. H. Buzzard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May, on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillie, daughters of Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went west.

Abigail became Mrs John Wade, on Anthonys Creek, and lived there.

Daniel was deputy sheriff under his father. He finally went to Missouri, and became a prominent citizen. He raised and commanded a company of volunteers for service in the Mexican War, and was with Colonel Doniphan in his famous expedition to New Mexico.

Joseph Moore, Junior, went to Braxton County.

Henry Moore married Martha Young, daughter of Captain William Young of Stony Creek, and is now living in Iowa.

Joseph Moore, Esq., was a very prominent citizen in county affairs. He was high sheriff, justice of the peace, and was very much sought after for drawing up

deeds, articles of agreement, and writing wills. His judgment in matters of controversy seems to have been very correct, as but few suits brought contrary to his advice ever succeeded in the courts.

One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school in Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One playtime I was at 'Governor' Haynes' Hotel on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out: "Squire, you are taking things mighty slow, and move as if you had no business on hand and never had any."

In slow, measured tones the Squire observes, as if he had studied the matter very carefully: "Well, Governor, I have been around here long enough to find out there is no use in being in a hurry about anything except catching fleas."

The 'Governor' was inclined to take offense at this, but the Squire pointed significantly towards the refreshment counter, and in the clinking of glasses the flea trouble was forgotten.

It would require more time and space than is allotted to these memoirs to write out all that might come mind about this interesting man, so we will give only

one more reminiscence. In April, 1848, I spent a rainy afternoon with Squire Moore in a school he was teaching near Sunset, in the old Daugherty building. He showed me a question in arithmetic that puzzled him. He could find the answer called for but it would not "prove out," and he could not be satisfied with anything that would not "prove out."

We put our heads together and found a result that would "prove out," so we both felt that we knew more than the man who wrote the book,—that much of it at least. We lingered after school was out, until it was so near night that when I returned to William Harper's the evening candle was already lighted and placed on the supper table.

After proving out things in our ciphering consultation, we had a talk about the Bible and Christian religion. I was a Bible distributor at that time, as some of the older people may remember. The habit the Squire had of "proving out" things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if I talk a little plain to you, for you may think strangely of the way I sometimes talk. There are people who think I am an infidel, because I sometimes make remarks they do not agree with. I have studied a good deal about religion, and if you have as much sense as I think you have, you will some day see these things as I do. I always keep a Bible or Testament handy to me when I am at home, and most always carry a Testament in my saddle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, William, when I say to

you that in my private opinion there can not be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be—provided there is such a thing as religion anyway.”

I felt that Squire Moore was not disposed to discuss personal piety seriously, and the subject was changed. We never met again to compare opinions about any matter. I learn from his friends, however, that during the closing years of his life he gave close attention to his Bible. He has been seen sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, with an open Bible on his knee. It is my fervent hope that my aged friend was able to ‘prove out’ that it is a “faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the greatest,” and that he was willing to take the sinner’s place and receive the sinner’s salvation; at the same time praying: “Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength fails.”

ROBERT D. McCUTCHAN.

Among the citizens of our county deserving special notice for industry, hospitality, and good influence on society, Robert Dunlap McCutchan, late of Thomas Creek, is to be remembered as one justly entitled to

such consideration. While he was not one of the pioneers, he came to Pocahontas soon after the organization of the county, virtually settled in the woods, and built up a home that was noted far and near for its good cheer and lavish hospitality.

January 11, 1825, he married Elizabeth Youel Lockridge, near Goshen, Virginia, and settled on Thomas Creek, in 1826. They were the parents of five sons and four daughters. All of their children except two preceded them to the grave. The eldest died in infancy.

Samuel Hodge McCutchan was a Confederate soldier and a member of Captain J. W. Marshall's company. He was captured in 1863 and taken to Camp Chase, and remained there until the close of the war. He came home in broken health, and died of consumption in 1869.

John Blain McCutchan was also a Confederate volunteer, and served in the same company. He married soon after the war, Mrs Rachel Bird, daughter of Jacob Bible, near Greenbank. He lately died. There were four children: Iizzie, now Mrs F. M. Dilley; Robert and Luther, twins, died young; and Margaret.

William Andrew Gatewood McCutchan went to Georgia when twelve years of age, to be educated by his uncle, Andrew Lockridge, a Presbyterian minister. His health failed, and he returned home in his fifteenth year. He soon after united with the church at Dunmore, and began studies for the ministry. He volunteered in the war. In the battle of Seven Pines he went into action contrary to his captain's advice, feel-

ing it his duty to fight as long as he could handle his musket, but being overcome by fatigue, he was ordered back to the rear, fell sick with pneumonia, and never recovered.

Luther McCutchan died the first year of the war, in his fifteenth year.

Christina Jane McCutchan married David Wetzel, and lived in Lewisburg. Her children were William, Sallie, Lizzie, and Lena. Sallie Wetzel married Newton Hartsook, and lived in Lewisburg. Lizzie became Mrs Lake White, of White Sulphur. Lena married Gordon Bright, and lived in Jtaunton. William Wetzel married Florence Ridgeway, of Monroe County, and lives in Lewisburg.

Nancy Caroline McCutchan, an excellent young lady, died in 1861.

Mary Martha McCutchan, when about verging into womanhood, passed away from her earthly home.

Elizabeth Eleanor McCutchan married A. K. Dysard and lives at Driftwood. Their children are Lawrence and Mrs Bessie Beard.

Robert D. McCutchan was a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church for forty or fifty years. He was born in 1803, and died after prolonged sufferings from a cancerous affection, February 22, 1883.

Mrs Elizabeth Y. McCutchan was born in 1803, and died July 2, 1878.

Mrs McCutchan, whose pet name was 'Aunt Betsy,' was a typical Scotch-Irish matron. She was endowed with the traits of character developed in her ancestry by the civil and religious commotions that occurred in

the Scottish highlands and the historic parts of North Ireland, to which reference has occasionally been made in these notes. She was self reliant, kind hearted to a fault, self possessed in all emergencies, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, ever ready to weep with those that wept, rejoicing with those that rejoiced, and could hold more than her own if challenged on doctrinal points.

Mr McCutchan inherited the patient, plodding habits of industry his ancestors acquired on the Scottish hills that Robert Burns knew so well and disliked to practice so much. In a piny section of Pocahontas he found lands that reminded him of the kind where his own parents had toiled and made a bountiful living for well nigh a century.

Far and near this family would attend religious worship, the weather be what it might. For years Greenbank and Huntersville, the first eight and the other twelve miles away, were the nearest points of the church service of their preference.

These pleasant people, so happy in their home relations, were not separated long. They and the most of their children sleep in well cared for graves on a grassy knoll overlooking the scenes where they passed their quiet, useful lives for more than fifty years.

By his last will and testament Robert McCutchan endowed Baxter Church with a fund of \$500, Dr John Ligon, Trustee. The annual interest to be for pastoral support.

JOSEPH BROWN.

The Brown relationship trace their ancestry to Joseph Brown, whose wife was Hannah M'Afferty. They lived a few years in Bath County, on the Bull Pasture; thence removed and settled on lands now owned by the Mann family, near Edray. Some fruit trees and a fine spring indicate the spot where they lived, about three-fourths of a mile east of the Mann residence.

Mr Brown died a few years after settling here, but was survived by his widow for many years. She became suddenly blind, and remained so for twenty years. She spent her time in knitting, and taught many of her grand-daughters to knit. Among them was the late Mrs Thomas Nicholas. Mrs Nicholas would often tell how her grandmother would take her little hands into hers and put them through the motions until she could knit herself. A few years before her decease, Mrs Brown recovered her sight as quickly as she had lost it, and could count chickens and geese forty yards away.

The widow Brown's daughters Polly and Hannah lived and died at the old home.

Rachel Brown was married to William Brock, and settled on the homestead.

Ann Brown became the wife of Jeremiah Friel.

Elizabeth Brown married a Mr McGuire, and lived in Nicholas.

Joseph Brown, Senior, went to Nicholas County. His son Wesley Brown—a Confederate soldier—was

at Edray during the great war between the States, and made himself known to his relatives.

John Brown was a soldier in the war of 1812, and never returned.

Josiah Brown, in whose memory this sketch is specially prepared, was the eldest of Joseph Brown's sons, and he married Jennie Waddell, near Millpoint. He was born June 22, 1777, his wife was born April 4th, 1771; married in 1799, and settled on the western section of the Brown homestead. They were the parents of seven daughters.

Eleanor Brown, born August 6, 1802, was married to Zechariah Barnett, from Lewis County, West Virginia. In reference to her family the following particulars are given: John Wesley and John Andrew Barnett died young, and Josiah Barnett. Sarah Jane Barnett was married to George McLaughlin, late of Driftwood. He was a Confederate soldier. Hannah Barnett married William Townsend. Martha Barnett, lately deceased. James, Thomas, Stephen, and Newton Barnett are well known citizens near Driftwood. The three first named were Confederate soldiers.

Hannah Brown was married to Jacob Arbaugh, who was from near Millpoint, and first settled on Sugartree Run, a part of the Brown homestead. Her children were Eliza Jane, Susannah Simms, Lauretta Frances, Nancy Caroline, John Allen, George Brown, James Marion, William Hanson, and Joseph Newton. John A. Arbaugh was a Confederate soldier, and died in 1861, at the Lockridge Spring, near Driscoll. George and James passed through the war. George Arbaugh

was in the 31st Regiment of Virginia Infantry.

Shortly after the war, Jacob Arbaugh moved to Jackson County, Missouri, which he jocularly referred to as his twentieth change of homes since his marriage.

Jennie Brown, born October 9, 1805, was married to John Friel, son of Jeremiah Friel the pioneer, and settled on a section of the Friel homestead on the Greenbrier River.

Ann Brown, born December 9, 1806, was married to James Courtney, and first settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Andrew Jackson, Thomas, George Washington, Hanson, who died at the age of six years; Jane, who is now Mrs Adam Geiger; Julia, who is now Mrs James Rhea; and Hannah, who is now Mrs Godfrey Geiger. Andrew Courtney was a Confederate soldier, and died a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware. Thomas Courtney was also a Confederate soldier, survived the war, and now lives near Marlinton. George W. Courtney was a Confederate soldier, survived the war, but died near Buckeye in 1887.

Martha Brown, born February 14, 1808, was married to William Waugh, son of Samuel Waugh, the pioneer, and settled at the old home. Martha was known in her family as "daddy's boy," since she was constantly out of doors with her father. She could harness the teams, plough, or drive the sled, as occasion required. She was the mother of ten children: Davis, Zane, Robert, Enos, Ozias, William Clark, Jane Miriam, Mary Ann, and Almira. She died in Missouri, having lived awhile in Upshur County, West

Virginia, then in Iowa.

Miriam Brown was born August 6, 1810, was first married to James Walker Twyman, a native of Augusta County. Mr Twyman was a school teacher. They first settled on Elk, where they lived two or three years. The land he worked on Elk had been a part of David Hannah's. Mr Twyman put out a field of corn that grew finely and was very promising, but early in August there was a heavy frost; he became discouraged, gave up his land, and moved to Greenbrier River to land given them by Joseph Brown. Here he taught school; having the Friels, Moores, and Sharps for pupils. Mr Twyman had business in Huntersville the 17th of January, 1834, and on his return was drowned in Thorny Creek. The Greenbrier home was just above the "Bridger Place." Their daughter Mary Frances is now Mrs Otho W. Ruckman, on Indian Draft.

Mrs Twyman's second marriage was to the late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, near Edray. Mr Nicholas was a skillful mechanic—a much respected and prosperous citizen.

Mary Brown was born April 13, 1812, and was married to Jacob Waugh, and lived in Buckhannon. She was the mother of fifteen children—five only lived to be grown. Her sons were Brown, Enoch, Homer, and John William. The daughter, Leah Waugh, was the third wife of the late Dr Pleasant Smith, of Edray.

The history of Josiah Brown was one of humble toil and self sacrifice for the good of his family. In the

course of his life he endured great personal suffering and afflictions. He was bitten twice by rattlesnakes when in the ranges looking after his live stock. Once he was with his neighbor, William Sharp, who cared for him and helped him home. The second time he was alone, and it is believed he saved his life by putting his lips to the punctures and sucking out the poison. Finally, a strange sore appeared in the corner of one of his eyes and spread over most of the right side of his face. Many believed this was the result of the snake bites. It caused him excruciating sufferings, that were greatly intensified by the efforts of sympathizing, well meaning friends to cure him.

Sad and pathetic memories of his brother, John Brown, seemed to be ever haunting his mind, and the tears seemed to be ever ready to flow at the mention of his name. In the war of 1812 Josiah Brown was drafted for service at Norfolk, Virginia. John Brown a younger brother, being unmarried, volunteered in his brother's place and was accepted, and was ordered to report for service at the Warm Springs. John seems to have been a very pious youth. On the evening before his departure for the seat of war, he came over to his brother Josiah's to bid them all farewell and have one more season of prayer and supplication. Then as he went away over the fields he was heard singing, "When I can read my title clear." This was the last ever seen or heard of him by his brother Josiah's family, as he never came back from the war.

Truly, Josiah Brown's history is a sad and touching one. He now knows, no doubt, what Moses meant

when he prayed: "Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me and the years wherein I have seen evil."

WILLIAM AULDRIDGE.

William Auldridge, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, who by her second marriage became Mrs John Johnson, a pioneer of Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His wife was Mary Cochran. Mr Auldridge built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldridge, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldridge, the eldest son, when in his prime was considered one of the strongest men physically in West Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldridge's handspike—which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed handspike and laid them on the log heap, with apparent ease.

Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hills Creek, Thomas Auldridge leased lands now owned by John R. Poage near

Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft, and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas Auldridge. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, the eldest son, first married Mary Ann Barlow, and settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a grand daughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassel, and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge married Elizabeth Moore, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda, Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, Junior, married Catherine Moore and lived on the homestead. Two daughters, Mrs Margaret Hannah, on Bucks Run, and Mrs Ida McClure, who lives on a part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, married the late J. Harvey Curry, near Frost. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Her son Ellis Curry married Miss Rock,

and lives near Dunmore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast, and lives near Greenbank. Emma Curry married William T. McClintic, and lives near Beverly. Bessie married J. K. B. Wooddell, and lives in Ritchie County.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Henry Moore and lives near Driftwood.

Mary Ann Auldridge married William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldridge, Junior, married Nancy Kellison and settled on the Greenbrier, two miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geore Hill, son of Abram Hill of Hills Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving a daughter, who is now Mrs Robert Shafer. William Auldridge's second wife was a Miss Shafer. Her son, James Edgar Auldridge, lives on the homestead.

John Auldridge married Rebecca Smith, who is particularly mention in the memoirs of John Smith, of Stony Creek.

Samuel Auldridge, son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in battle. William lives at Millpoint.

Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan Grimes.

Mention is made of her family in the Grimes memoir.

James Auldridge was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frankford, and then went to Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith.

Sarah Auldridge married William McClure, and settled on the Greenbrier River, below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary, Mrs George Overholt, on Swago. Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: First wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNeil, and settled in Floyd County, Virginia.

Nancy Auldridge was married to the late Moore McNeil, on Swago.

Thus closes for the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The writer would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and his son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing—as illustrated by his descendants—was a very estimable person. He was an ever busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in his manhood he was greatly disabled by a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he

and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in political matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

Campbell place. From Back Creek, Highland County, he migrated to Douthards Creek, about seventy-six years ago, and bought of Colonel John Baxter, and settled on lands now held by Henry White and sons and Henry Sharp, on Douthards Creek. On this place Mr and Mrs Herold reared their family and passed the residue of their lives. Their family consisted of seven sons and three daughters: Susan, Jane, Elizabeth Ann, Henry, Peter, Benjamin, Charles, Christopher, Andrew, and Josiah.

Susan Herold was married to Philip Moyers, and settled in Upshur County.

Jane was the wife of Captain John Buzzard, who lived in Huntersville several years. He managed a hotel, was Captain of the "Light Horse" company, and finally moved to Missouri.

Elizabeth Ann married Samuel Hogsett, Junior, and settled in Harrison County, where her family now live. Mr Hogsett died, and she was afterwards married to Mr Sapp.

Henry, the eldest of the pioneer's sons, married Elizabeth Lockridge and settled at Driscoll, and after living there a number of years, moved to Nicholas County. Their sons were Anderson, Washington, William, and Benjamin. Wise Herold, now living on Knapps Creek, is a son of Washington. Henry Herold's daughter Elizabeth married a McClung, in Nicholas County; and another daughter Maria was married to John McClintic at Frankford, W. Va.

Peter Herold married Catherine Snyder, of Highland; settled on the Red Lick branch of Elk, where he

died, and his family afterwards went to Missouri, whither they had been preceded by Daniel Herold, a son of Peter.

Benjamin Herold, a very prominent citizen in his time, was married to Mary Boone of Franklin County, and for several years lived at Driscol. He bought out his brothers, Andrew and Josiah, and thereafter resided at the homestead. Finally he moved to Missouri. Benjamin's sons were, Charles, Joseph, Peter, and the daughters were Eugenia, Mary, and Lucy.

Christopher Herold's fourth son, Charles, died when about grown.

His fifth son, Christopher, Junior, married Sally Ann Hefner, daughter of Samuel Hefner of Anthonys Creek, and lived on the homestead, where both died, leaving a daughter, Sally Ann, who married Mr Waggoner of Webster County.

The sixth son, Andrew, married Maria Seybert, daughter of Joseph Seybert, and lived some years on the old homestead, and then purchased near Frost, where he now resides.

Andrews's family numbered nine sons and two daughters: Mrs Ida Rebecca Moore, Myrta, Lanty W., Millard F., Joseph, died aged eight; Isaac Newton, now in Missouri; John L., Edwin L., Horace F., in Highland; Andrew Forrest and Pruyn Patterson, deceased.

The seventh son of Christopher Herold, Sr., Josiah Herold, married Mary Ann Cleek, of Knapps Creek, and located on Stony Creek, upon the farm occupied by the family of the late James McClure. Deeming it

best to refugee during the war, he went to Mr Cleek's. There he was seized with diptheria in a malignant form, and he and his two little sons died.

To illustrate something of the privations endured by this worthy man and family in their efforts to make their way in the world, mention may be made of what occurred in the winter of 1840.

Andrew, then about grown, was sent to Elk to look after some cattle to be wintered there. A snow fell, early in the winter, between four and five feet in depth. The only chance to keep the cattle alive was to fell timber for browse. How to have this done was the problem that confronted the youth. Having procured the services of Joe Courtney, a man of stalwart form and needful pluck, they started for the browsing ground. Courtney went ahead, and the young man followed in his trail, snow up to the arm pits. They managed to cut what carried the cattle through.

In the meanwhile all communication between neighbors seemed cut off. Andrew's brother, Peter Herold had taken sick and died before he could hear of it. James Gibson, Senior, now living on Elk, managed to reach an eminence in hearing of the browsing party, and by the loudest tones he could command got Andrew to understand what had taken place. The funeral rites were performed under difficulties indescribable.

The winter finally passed away, and when Andrew returned home in the spring he was emaciated and changed in appearance almost beyond recognition by his neighbors.

When this venerated man---Christopher Herold---